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MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT
05753

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR

June 1975

Dear Bread Loafer:

This is a familiar letter to returning Bread Loafers, but I hope it will be helpful to those spending their first summer on the Mountain.

Your final bill has been sent from Middlebury College. To avoid inconvenience at the opening of the School, will you please send your payment in the envelope provided with the bill? In addition, you should return the enclosed arrival card to the Bread Loaf Office; and the medical information form directly to Dr. George Parton (address on form).

The Bread Loaf campus is twelve miles from Middlebury, the closest bus stop. The Bread Loaf bus will meet all Vermont Transit buses at the Stamp Shop in Middlebury on June 25. Early morning arrivals on June 25 will be transported from the Middlebury Inn to Bread Loaf at 10 a.m. There is a charge of \$2.00 for the trip. More expensive transportation by private taxi would be your responsibility. There are Greyhound or Vermont Transit buses from Montreal, Boston, Albany, and New York City. A 10:30 a.m. express bus from New York arrives at 4:35 p.m. with only a lunch stop in Albany. Ask the driver to take you to the Stamp Shop Terminal; do not get off at the College.

If you are traveling by car, you should turn off the main Rutland-Burlington highway (U.S. Route 7) at the junction of State Highway 125, four miles southeast of Middlebury. The Bread Loaf campus is eight miles East of this junction on Rt. 125.

Allegheny Airlines has service from Kennedy Airport, N.Y., Albany and Boston to Burlington; Delta Airlines has an evening flight from Boston to Burlington with a change in Manchester. Connections from Burlington to Middlebury can be made on Vermont Transit buses.

Upon arrival at Bread Loaf you should go to the Inn Desk for your room assignment. Please read the instructions concerning registration which you will receive from the Inn Manager and then call at the Secretary's Office to register and to confirm your course program. Then from Mrs. Bennett, in the Blue Parlor, you may obtain your ID card (as receipt for payment made).

Lunch at 1:00 p.m. on Wednesday, June 25, will be the first meal served to members of the School. No rooms will be available before the morning of June 25, except for waiters and waitresses, who are expected to arrive on June 24, and for faculty and staff. The first meeting of the School will be held at 8:00 p.m., June 25. Classes start at 8:30 a.m., Thursday, June 26.

The School supplies blankets but not bed linen and towels to students. The School recommends that you take advantage of the service provided by the Foley Linen Service of Rutland, Vermont. This service consists of two bed sheets, one pillow case, and three large bath towels delivered each week. The cost is \$20. for the session, \$8. of which is a deposit which will be refunded at the end of the session. If you are interested in this service, please fill out the enclosed order form and return directly to the Foley Linen Service with your check. Students, however, may bring

their own linen. Washing machines and dryers are available on campus; they have been known to work.

You should bring informal clothing for country wear, both for cool (40° - 50°F) and warm (75° - 85°F) weather. It is advisable to bring rain gear and your favorite insect repellent.

Radios and hi-fi sets are not permitted in the dormitories, which are far from soundproof. A subscription to the New York Times may be purchased at the Front Desk.

Pets are not allowed in the dormitories. If you must bring an animal, please make prior arrangements to have it kept off campus. The local veterinarian is Arthur E. Greiner, DVM, Middlebury Animal Hospital, Washington Street, Middlebury, VT 05753. Telephone: (802) 388-2691. You do neither your colleagues nor your pet a service in bringing it on campus. A barking dog can seriously disrupt a class on a quiet mountain campus.

You should inform correspondents to address you at:

Bread Loaf School of English
Bread Loaf Rural Station
Middlebury, Vermont 05753

Please make clear that your School of English address is, alas, only temporary. Simply notify your local post office to forward your mail to Bread Loaf only during the period of the session. Newspapers and magazines cannot be forwarded. Express packages sent in advance should be addressed to you at the Bread Loaf School of English, Carr Hall, Middlebury, Vermont. They will be collected from the Middlebury Office and delivered to Bread Loaf.

Since the Front Office closes at 10:00 p.m., it is sometimes difficult to complete late-evening calls expeditiously. Try to have in-coming calls made before 10 p.m., with allowances for time differential in long-distance calls. Emergency telephone messages, of course, will be delivered at any time. The Bread Loaf telephone number is: (802) 388-7946.

Have an easy trip, even if you can't afford gas.

Sincerely,

Paul Cubeta

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

Encls.

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL AND CONFERENCE

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VT 05753

INSURANCE

We have provided a plan of accident insurance for summer school students and faculty. The plan provides medical reimbursement for the expense arising from an accident. Reimbursement will be made up to a maximum of \$500 for each accident. The plan is broad in scope and covers all accidents, wherever the student may be, during the term of the policy.

Exclusions -- The plan does not cover: eyeglasses or hearing aids; dental treatment unless treatment is necessitated by injuries to sound natural teeth; loss caused by plastic surgery for cosmetic purposes; loss caused by war or any enemy action; loss resulting from having been in or on an aircraft unless riding as a fare-paying passenger in a passenger aircraft operated by an incorporated passenger carrier; nor an expense incurred by a student after twelve months from date of termination of the student's insurance. In the event that the insured is covered by the Automobile Medical Payments provision of a motor vehicle policy, no duplication of payments will be made for automobile claims. In such an event there will be payment of any expense up to the policy limit that might exceed the amount of medical payments applicable to the particular case.

Claims -- In the event of accident, claims should be reported to Fred S. James & Company, One Boston Place, Boston, MA 02101, within 30 days from date of the accident. Claim forms are available from the Bread Loaf Office in the Inn. Medical bills must be submitted within 90 days from date of treatment.

The insurance will be effective for the periods indicated below:

English School	23 June - 10 August, 1975
Writers' Conference	12 August - 24 August, 1975

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Preliminary Announcements 1975

Mr. Ross, Front Office Manager, will answer any questions about room and board, mail, and any incidental charges you may incur (aside from the regular bill for tuition, room and board).

Mr. Cubeta and Miss Anne Hoover, Secretary, should be consulted about initial registration, payment of bills, and information about courses, lectures, and academic credit.

REGISTRATION

Students should confirm their courses at the Secretary's Office as soon as possible after arrival. Those who have not registered for courses in advance should consult Mr. Cubeta.

Registration is not complete until a registration card, an address list slip, and, in some cases, a car card and an off-campus address card have been returned to the Secretary's Office. Please be sure to complete the registration card on both sides.

Mr. Cubeta must approve all course changes. A charge of one dollar will be made for course changes after Monday, June 30.

OPENING NIGHT

We will have our first meeting in the Little Theatre at 8:00 Wednesday evening. Mr. Cubeta will "For a Trickys Word Defy the Matter." An informal reception will follow in the Barn.

PARKING

State law prohibits parking beside the highway. You are asked to keep the road clear, especially in front of the Inn. Faculty at Maple and students at Tamarack, Brandy Brook, and Gilmore may park their cars on the lawn beside the road. Enforcement begins today.

MEAL HOURS

Monday-Friday		Saturday-Sunday	
	Door opens/closes		
Breakfast	7:30-8:00am	Breakfast	8:00-8:30am
Lunch	1:00-1:15pm	Lunch	1:00-1:15pm
Dinner	6:00-6:15pm	Dinner	6:00-6:15pm

Since all waitresses and waiters are students, please come to breakfast on time. The door to the Dining Hall is closed at 8:00 am on weekdays and at 8:30 am on weekends. State law forbids the Naked Human Foot Divine on dining room floors, and Miss Thorpe enforces.

Dietitian: Miss Lois Thorpe
Head Waitress: Mrs. Penni Eldredge-Martin

Demi-tasse will be served after Sunday dinner in the Blue Parlor.

RECEIPTS AND ID'S

Miss Hoover will be in the Blue Parlor on Wednesday, June 25, to receive payment for all unpaid bills. ID cards will serve as receipts.

BOOKSTORE

Wednesday, June 25 (books only)

8:30-12:45, 2:00-5:00

Thursday, June 26 (books only)

8:00-12:30, 1:30-2:30

Regular hours, beginning Friday, June 27:

Weekdays: 8:00-8:30, 9:30-10:30, 12:30-1:00, 1:30-2:30pm

Saturdays: 9:00-10:00am

Mr. Jim Levins, Manager

Students should buy their texts immediately, because it is often necessary to order additional copies. Auditors are asked not to buy texts until Thursday or Friday. There are no student charge accounts at the Bookstore. A 3% state sales tax is charged for all stationery and drug items.

Stationery, notebook paper, pencils, ink, etc. can be bought at the Bookstore, postcards and stamps at the Front Desk, cigarettes at the Snack Bar in the Barn.

FRONT DESK

Mr. Richard Ross and Mrs. Hilde Ross, Front Office Managers

Mr. Bill Kuharich and Mr. Jim Levins, Assistants

Weekdays and Saturday: 8:00am-8:00pm

Sunday: 9:00am-1:00pm, 6:00-8:00pm

The switchboard remains open until 10:00pm

POST OFFICE

Weekdays and Saturday: 8:00am-5:00pm. Closed Sunday.

Outgoing mail should be posted by 7:30am and 4:00pm, Mon-Fri.; by 2:00pm on Saturday.

Incoming mail is distributed by 10:00am and 5:30 pm.

LIBRARY

Miss Kay Joyce and Mr. Bob Palmer, Librarians
Weekdays: 8:15-12:45, 2:00-5:00, 7:15-10:00
Saturday: 9:00-12:00, 2:00-4:00
Sunday: 9:00-12:00, 7:15-12:00

The Library will be closed during all special programs.

DIRECTOR'S OFFICE

Mr. Cubeta is available at all times. You can make appointments through Miss Hoover or Mrs. Bennett.

INFIRMARY

Miss Jeanne Jarvis, Nurse
The Infirmary is in Room 2, Birch.
Weekdays: 8:00-8:30am, 1:45-2:15pm, 6:45-7:15pm
Saturday: 8:45-9:15am, 1:45-2:15pm, 6:45-7:15pm
Sunday: 8:45-9:15am, 2:00-2:30pm, 6:45-7:15pm
Emergencies will be attended to at any time.

SNACK BAR

Ladies-in-waiting are Barb Parton, Betsy Parton, Barb Flickinger, Martha Inglis. Daily: 8:30am-6:00pm, 6:30-11:00pm

TAXI

Trips will be made on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday for \$2.00 round trip, payable at start. Leave the Inn at 2:00pm and arrive in Middlebury at 2:20. Return trip leaves Middlebury at 4:00. The taxi will leave both stations promptly.

TELEPHONE

There are pay phones on the ground floor of the Inn near the Bookstore and outside behind the Fire House. Incoming calls should come to (802) 388-7946.

Except for emergencies, please have all incoming calls placed before 10:00pm, when the switchboard closes. Check your mail box daily for messages, especially around meal time.

If you plan to be away, please inform the Front Office and leave a phone number or address where you can be reached.

THE CRUMB

The Bread Loaf Crumb, a daily bulletin, will be distributed at lunch time in the Dining Hall. Off campus students should get their copies at the Front Desk. If you have a notice for the Crumb, give it to Editor Peter McInerney or leave it at the Secretary's Office.

1975 SCHEDULE OF CLASSES

Except as indicated, all classes will be held in the Barn. Please cooperate with our request that there be no smoking in the classes.

8:30			
20.	Romance (II)	Mr. Hanning	Room 2
28.	Dramatic Imagination in Shakespeare (II)	Mr. Sypher	Little Theatre
101.	Yeats and Joyce (III)	Mr. Litz	Room 1
118.	Hawthorne, Melville, Poe (IV)	Mr. Brodhead	Room 6
9:30			
19.	Chaucer (II)	Mr. Anderson	Room 1
21.	Studies in Modern Fiction (III)	Mr. Thorburn	Room 2
33.	The Age of Sensibility (III)	Mrs. Tayler	Room 3
81.	Metaphysical Poetry (II)	Mr. Mintz	Room 4
93.	Contemporary World Drama (V)	Mr. Loper	Little Theatre
95.	Cosmopolitans and Provincials (IV)	Mr. Guttman	Room 6
10:30			
1.	Modern Literary Criticism (V)	Mr. Sypher	Room 2
14.	Modern British Poetry (III)	Mr. Litz	Room 1
64.	Ovidian Legacy in the 16th Century (V)	Mr. Hanning	Room 3
94.	The Image of Society in American Literature, 1865-1900 (IV)	Mr. Brodhead	Room 6
134.	Greek Plays in Production (I)	Mr. Sharp	Room 4
11:30			
7.	Introduction to Theatrical Production (I)	Ms. Paigen	Little Theatre
11.	Self as Subject in Romantic Poetry (III)	Mrs. Tayler	Room 6
32.	Milton (II)	Mr. Mintz	Room 2
146.	Aspects of Pop Culture (III)	Mr. Thorburn	Room 1
147.	Jewish Writers in America (IV)	Mr. Guttman	Room 3
148.	Virgil (V)	Miss Bacon	Room 4
Mon., Wed., Fri. 2:00-3:30			
62.	Modern American Poetry (IV)	Mr. Pack	Room 6
129.	Acting Workshop (I)	Mr. Sharp	Room 2
Mon., Wed., Thurs. 2:00-3:30			
124.	Theater Games (I)	Mr. Book	Room 1

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Program for the 1975 Session

Tuesday, July 1	Elizabeth Drew Memorial Lecture James Mirollo, Professor of English and Comparative Literature, Columbia "Palpable Hits and Dreadful Misses: Wit in Renaissance Love Poetry"	Little Theatre 7:30 P.M.
Thursday, July 10	Harpsichord Concert George B. Todd, Associate Professor of Music, Middlebury College	Little Theatre 7:30 P.M.
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, July 17, 18, and 19	Student-directed one-acts Schisgal, <u>The Tynists</u> Shaw, <u>The Dark Lady of the Sonnets</u>	Little Theatre 8:30 P.M.
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, July 31, August 1 and 2	Shaw, <u>The Devil's Disciple</u>	Little Theatre 8:30 P.M.
Saturday, August 9	Commencement Exercises	Little Theatre 8:45 P.M.

BREAD LOAF FILM SCHEDULE

1975

June	27	Shadow of a Doubt (103 min.)	Hitchcock	1943
	28	Elena and Les Hommes (98 min.)	Renoir	1956
July	4	Bride of Frankenstein (75 min.)	Whale	1935
	5	Boudu Saved from Drowning (87 min.)	Renoir	1932
	6	The Big Sleep (114 min.)	Hawks	1946
		The Marriages (20 min.)		1974
	11	In This Our Life (96 min.)	Huston	1942
	12	Smiles of a Summer Night (108 min.)	Bergman	1955
	13	Christopher Strong	Arzner	
	20	The Apartment (125 min.)	Wilder	1960
	25	The Horsemen (109 min.)	Frankenheimer	
	26	Vice Squad (83 min.)	Laven	1953
	27	Girls About Town	Cukor	1931
August	3	Targets (90 min.)	Bogdanovich	
	4	My Man Godfrey (90 min.)	La Cava	
	5	Desire (99 min.)	Borsage	1936
	8	Contempt (99 min.)	Godard	1964

Bread Loaf School of English

George B. Todd

Harpsichord

July 10, 1975

Little Theatre

7:30

Toccata in D

J. S. Bach

La Forqueray

Jacques Duphly

Le Médée

Le Rappel des Oiseaux

Jean-Philippe Rameau

Sonata in E L. 323

Domenico Scarlatti

Sonata in E L. 273

Sonata in C Minor

Giovanni Platti

Allegro

Adagio

Allegro

Allegro

La Poule

Jean-Philippe Rameau

Les Cyclopes

Gavotte with Variations

THEATRE STAFF

Technical Director	Susan Paigen
Lighting Designer	Thomas Behr
Costume Advisors	Herman George Sherry Ryther
Technical Assistants	Elizabeth Bailey Thomas Harmon

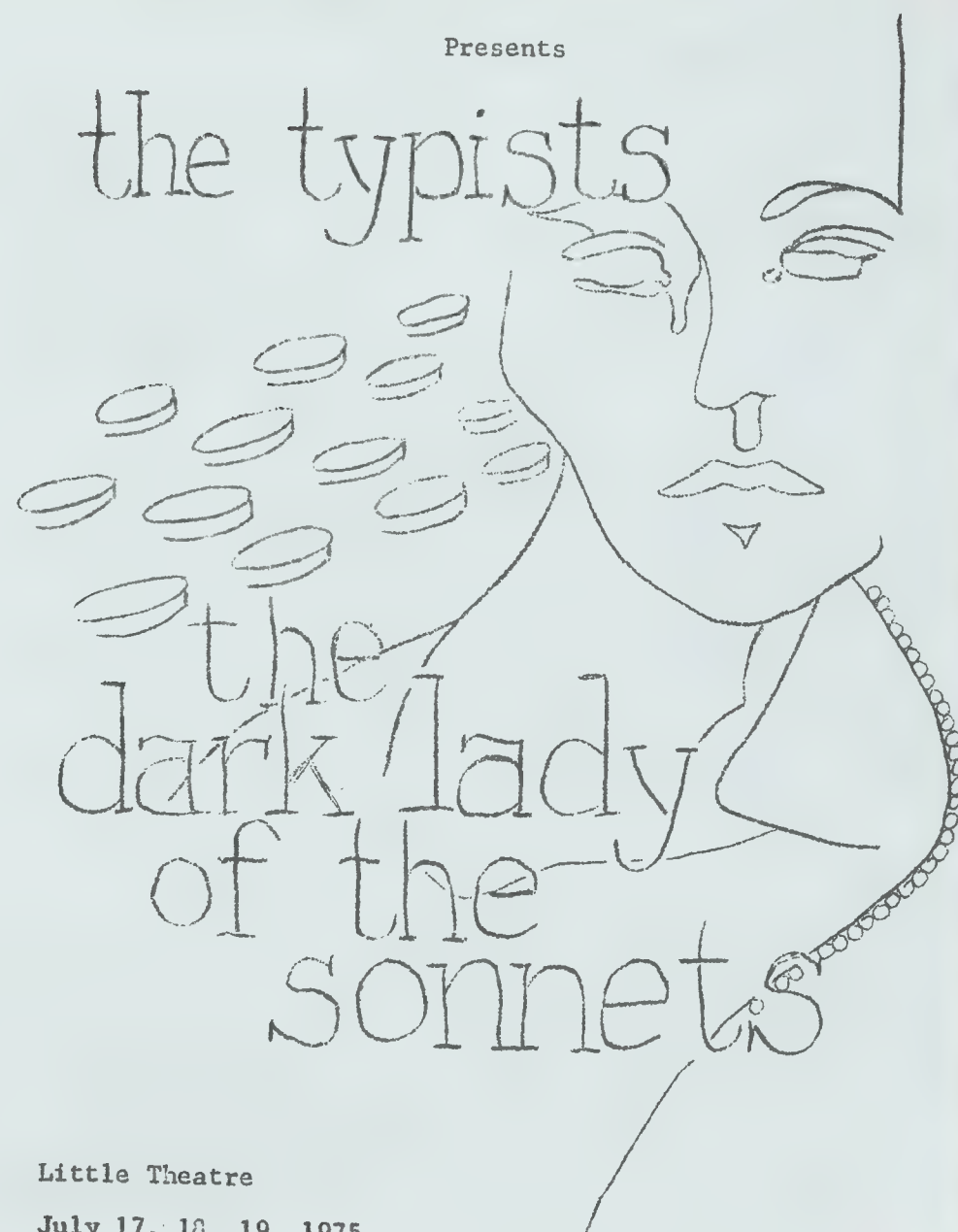
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STUDENT PRODUCTION STAFF

Technical Assistants	Richard Coburn Priscilla Stone
Costumes Dresser	Beth MacRae Mary Anne Kovacs
Lighting Prep. Crew:	Jim Honeyman, Kim Noling Kathleen O'Neil, Ed Ruzicka Bruce Stanley, Keith Stephens, Guy Stever
Boards:	Ken Didsbury, Keith Stephens
Properties	Wrey Trompeter, Carol Gaston John Murphy, Monica Weis
Run Crew	Ken Didsbury, Ray Roswell Keith Stephens, Monica Weis
Set Construction	Aron Pasternack, Ed Ruzicka Patsy Stowell, Diana Voerg, Vincent Voerg
Sound	Cindy Hilbrink
Make-up	Patricia Wahlquist
Hairdressing	Priscilla Stone
House	Ann Carpenter, Karen Hanrahan Janna King, Meredith McElwee
Program Cover	Heidi Krueger

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Presents



Little Theatre

July 17, 18, 19, 1975

THE DARK LADY OF THE SONNETS

by George Bernard Shaw

Directed by Ellen Donkin

Cast

The Warder	Phil Fitzpatrick
Shakespeare	Jim Honeyman
Queen Elizabeth	Rhettta Colon
Mistress Mary (Dark Lady)	Pamela Walker

.

Setting: Fin de siecle 15-1600
Midsummer night on the terrace of the
Palace at Whitehall overlooking the Thames.

.

Stage Manager Carol Elliott

10 minute intermission

THE TYPISTS

by Murray Schisgal

Directed by Robert Gallagher

Cast

Sylvia	Sandy Crum
Paul	Michael Tratner

.

Stage Manager Maria Novelly

AN INTERVIEW WITH GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Q: Mr. Shaw, there are rumors of a professional rivalry between you and Mr. William Shakespeare. Can you tell us what might have happened if the two of you had been born contemporaries?

A: Rivalry? Modesty chokes me. If I had been born in 1556 instead of 1856, I should have taken to blank verse and given Shakespeare a harder run for his money than all the other Elizabethans put together.

Q: Well then perhaps you can tell us why there is talk that in your most recent success, The Dark Lady of the Sonnets, you have represented Mr. Shakespeare as a philandering plagiarizer?

A: I have unfortunately represented Shakespeare as treasuring and using (as I do myself) the jewels of unconsciously musical speech which common people utter and throw away every day; and this is taken as a disparagement of Shakespeare's 'originality'. Why was I born with such contemporaries? Why is Shakespeare made ridiculous by such a posterity?

Q: Mr. Shaw, could you tell us please what the definitive symbolic resonances of the mysterious Dark Lady are?

A: How on earth should I know? Be good enough to stop pestering me with asinine questions and go see the play.

--end of interview--
November, 1910

Acknowledgments

Properties	Clint Magoun, Ryder Smith The Waybury Inn
Sound Recording	Rick Pagano, George Todd

CREWS

Construction Tim Carey, Jane Couch
 Penny Eldredge-Martin, Denise Pera
 Gilbert Roth, Ed Ruzicka, Bruce Stanley
 Patsy Stowell, Vincent Voerg

Painting Kay Bennett, Rick Pagano
 Ray Roswell, Ed Ruzicka

Costumes - Crew: Kay Bennett, Justine Coddling
 Melanie, Melinda, and Melisande Coddling
 Mona Klinger, Leslie Lawther
 R.R.P., Hilde Ross, Pam Ruiz

 Dressers: Ellen Donkin, Pamela Walker

Lights - Prep.: Jim Honeyman, Guy Stever
 Priscilla Stone, Ken Didsbury

 Operators: Cindy Hilbrink, Jim Honeyman

Properties - Prep.: Clive Bridgham, Michele Surat
 Run: Thomas Behr, Margaret Soule

Set Run Elizabeth Bailey, head
 Ernest Coddling, Jr., Ralph Menconi
 Ray Roswell

Sound Keith Stephens

Makeup
and
 Patricia Wahlquist, head
 Christine Gram, Wyn Kelley
 Virginia Macarty, Erin McHugh
 Linda Stanich, Pamela Walker

House Ann Carpenter, Janna King
 Mona Klinger, Wrey Trompeter
 Monica Weis

Program Cover Alison Somers

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

presents



by George Bernard Shaw

Little Theatre

Madrigals 8:00 p.m.

July 31, August 1, 2, 1975

Curtain 8:00 p.m.

CAST
(In order of appearance)

Mrs. Dudgeon	Janet Buss
Essie	Barbara Bartels
Christy	Stephen Sheehan
Rev. Anthony Anderson	George Dunlop
Mrs. Judith Anderson	Priscilla Stone
Mrs. William Dudgeon	Dorothy Hill
William Dudgeon	Richard Wechsler
Mrs. Titus Dudgeon	Susan Paigen
Titus Dudgeon	Clive Bridgham
Lawyer Hawkins	Bud Fairlamb
Dick Dudgeon	David Kester
Sergeant	Richard Coburn
Private	Aron Pasternack
Private	Larry Roetzel
Major Swindon	Norman Chmielewski
General Burgoyne	William Sharp
Petty Officer	Vincent Voerg
Infantry Officer	William Peck
German Officer	Billy Kuharich
German Officer	Marshall Messer
Petty Officer	Charles Sachs
Private	Dean Tepper
Private	Richard Brodhead
Chaplain	Bruce Stanley
Townspeople	Carol Gaston, Billy Kuharich Jim Levins, Marshall Messer William Peck, Coreen Ruiz Diana Voerg, Vincent Voerg

PRODUCTION STAFF

DIRECTOR	Robert Loper
Set and Lighting Designer and Technical Director	Susan Paigen
Costumer Designer	Herman George
Production Co-ordinator	Dorothy Kuryloski
Assistant Technical Director	Thomas Behr
Costumer	Sherry Ryther
Stage Manager	Elizabeth Stanley
Assistant Stage Manager	Wyn Kelley
Assistant to Costume Designer	Sara Keeney
Technical Assistants	Elizabeth Bailey Thomas Harmon

* * * * *

The Bread Loaf Madrigal Consort

directed by Barbara Hanning,
consists of students, faculty, and friends.

* * * * *

Acknowledgements - for furniture and properties

Janet Buss
Mr. Walter Gerf, Stoney Fields Antiques,
Leicester, Vermont
Mildred Inskip, Bread Loaf Mountain Antiques,
Ripton, Vermont
Mr. Henry Palmer

Bread Loaf School of English
1975

Degree Candidates (As of 7/3/75)

Battles, Barbara Joan
Butterfield, Charles Henry
Cobb, David Owen
Colon, Rhetta Lee
Crum, Sandra Sue
Eldredge-Martin, Martha
Ely IV, William Brewster
Fitzpatrick, Philip Eastman
Gannon, Maureen Teresa
Helms, Bonnie Annette
Hilbrink, Lucinda Marie
Hinz, Joann
Knapp, Marsha Gean
Kovacs, Sr. Mary Anne, H.M.
Malvaso, Marie Patricia
Miller, Katherine Ruth
Mullins, Patrick Garfield
Perera, Evelyn Lewis
Petry, Sheila Clarke
Reid, Susan Curtiss
Rumsey, Peter Lockwood
Savale, Zoila Ann
Sears, Elisabeth
Sheehan, Stephen Kent
Stone, Priscilla

Wechsler, Richard Ford
Wiegel, Evelyn Mae
Wilson, David Cameron

M.Litt. Candidates

McNair, Wesley Cook
Schneider, Margery Arzonico
Travalini, Joseph David

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

1975

Candidates for Master of Letters Degree (17)

Burt, Michael (First year)

Caserta, John (First year)

Couch, Jane (First year)

Gallagher, Robert J.

Haigh, Clarice (First year)

Humes, David B.

Kight, Thomas

McNair, Wesley

Roetzel, Larry

Schneider, Margery A.

Soule, Margaret

Stanley, Bruce H.

Stanley, Elizabeth

Stoj, Ronald J.

Travalini, Joseph D.

Webb, Elizabeth

Weis, Sister Monica

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

ENROLLMENT FIGURES

1920 - 51	1945 - 97	1970 - 224
1921 - 84	1946 - 135	1971 - 219
1922 - 102	1947 - 173	1972 - 215
1923 - 112	1948 - 194	1973 - 200
1924 - 100	1949 - 207	1974 - 219
1925 - 105	1950 - 188	1975 - 197
1926 - 106	1951 - 165	
1927 - 130	1952 - 146	
1928 - 115	1953 - 115	
1929 - 116	1954 - 139	
1930 - 129	1955 - 121	
1931 - 111	1956 - 121	
1932 - 103	1957 - 122	
1933 - 62	1958 - 130	
1934 - 74	1959 - 161	
1935 - 163	1960 - 192	
1936 - 179	1961 - 192	
1937 - 192	1962 - 195	
1938 - 175	1963 - 206	
1939 - 173	1964 - 211	
1940 - 225	1965 - 225	
1941 - 237	1966 - 222	
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1943 - 63	1968 - 208	
1944 - 72	1969 - 213	

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

1975

General Statistics

<u>Student attendance by states:</u> (according to winter address)		Total student enrollment	197
Alabama	1	Men students	96
California	3	Women students	101
Connecticut	17	Former students	133
Florida	2	New students	63
Hawaii	2	Candidates for Midd. M. A.	151
Illinois	3	Candidates for Midd. M.Litt.	17
Iowa	1	Pre-1970 B.A. or B.S.	72
Indiana	1	Undergraduates	6
Kansas	1	Number of colleges represented	127
Maine	2	Off-campus students	50
Maryland	5	Scholarship students	46
Massachusetts	36	1975 M.A. degree candidates	28
Michigan	3	1975 M.Litt. degree candidates	3
New Hampshire	12	Prospective 1976 M.A. candidates	32
New Jersey	13	Prospective 1976 M.Litt. candidates	2
New York	33	Average age of students	29
North Carolina	4	Median age of students	27
Ohio	6	Under 21	2
Oregon	1	21 - 25	65
Pennsylvania	17	26 - 30	80
Rhode Island	5	31 - 35	27
Tennessee	2	36 - 40	8
Texas	5	41 - 50	9
Utah	1	51 or more	4
Vermont	12	Private school teachers	62
Virginia	2	Public school teachers	65
Washington	2	College (and j.c.) teachers	11
West Virginia	1	Other: Student	19
Wisconsin	2	Unemployed	19
Canada	1	Other occupations	21
France	1		
(29 states represented and 2 foreign countries)			
Working for 9 credits	16		
Working for 6 credits	169		
Working for 3 credits	7		
Auditors	4		
No. of course changes	34		
Cancellations	82		

Bread Loaf School of English
1975

Colleges Represented

Albright Coll. - 1	Earlham - 1
Aquinas Coll. - 1	Eastern Coll. - 1
Auburn Univ. - 1	Emerson Coll. - 1
Belnap Coll. - 1	Fairfield Univ. - 1
Boston Coll. - 1	Franconia - 1
Boston Univ. - 1	Frostburg St. - 1
Brandeis - 1	Georgetown Univ. - 2
Brown - 1	Gettysburg - 2
Caldwell Coll. - 1	Goddard - 1
Carleton Coll. - 1	Grinnell Coll. - 1
Carson-Newman - 1	Grove City Coll. - 2
Castleton St. Coll. - 2	Guilford Coll. - 1
Catholic Univ. of Am. - 1	Hamilton Coll. - 2
Central Connecticut St. Coll. - 1	Harvard - 5
Colby - 2	Indiana Univ. - 1
Colgate - 2	Iona - 1
Colorado Coll. - 1	Ithaca Coll. - 2
Colorado Women's Coll. - 1	Johns Hopkins - 1
Columbia Coll. - 2	Keene State - 2
Columbia Univ. - 1	Keuka Coll. - 1
Connecticut Coll. - 1	King's Coll. - 1
Cornell Univ. - 1	Lake Forest - 1
Defiance - 1	Lawrence Univ. - 1
Dickinson - 2	Lock Haven State - 1
Dominican - 1	Madison - 1
Douglass - 2	Manhattan Coll. - 1

Manhattanville - 1	Salve Regina - 1
Marywood - 1	St. Joseph's Coll. - 1
McMurry Coll. - 1	St. Vincent - 1
Merrimack - 2	San Francisco State Coll. - 1
Middlebury - 12	Skidmore - 3
Montclair State - 1	Smith Coll. - 4
Mt. Angel Coll. - 1	Southern Connecticut State Coll. - 1
Mount Holyoke - 1	Stanford - 1
Nazareth - 3	SUNY at Buffalo - 2
New Coll. - 1	SUNY at Fredonia - 1
North Carolina Wesleyan - 1	SUNY at Oswego - 1
Northwestern Univ. - 1	SUNY at Plattsburgh - 1
Northwest Missouri State - 1	Stevens Point State Univ. - 1
Notre Dame - 1	Swarthmore - 1
Oberlin - 1	Syracuse - 3
Occidental - 1	Trinity (Burlington) - 1
Ohio State Univ. - 1	Trinity (Connecticut) - 1
Ohio Wesleyan - 1	Univ. of Buffalo - 1
Pacific Lutheran Univ. - 1	Univ. of Florida - 1
Pennsylvania State - 2	Univ. of Georgia - 1
Plymouth State - 1	Univ. of Hawaii - 1
Pomona Coll. - 1	Univ. of Illinois - 2
Princeton - 2	Univ. of Iowa - 1
Purdue - 1	Univ. of Maine - 1
Rhode Island Coll. - 1	Univ. of Massachusetts - 6
Rollins Coll. - 1	Univ. of Miami - 1
Rutgers - 2	Univ. of Nebraska - 1
Russell Sage - 1	Univ. of New Haven - 1

Univ. of New Hampshire - 1
Univ. of North Carolina - 4
Univ. of Ottawa - 1
Univ. of Rhode Island - 1
Univ. of Richmond - 1
Univ. of Vermont - 2
Ursuline Coll. - 1
Utica Coll. - 1
Vanderbilt - 2
Vassar - 3
Wellesley - 1
Wesleyan - 2
West Chester State Coll. - 1
Westfield State - 1
Wheaton - 1
Wilkes Coll. - 1
Willamette - 1
Williams - 1
Yale - 4

1. MODERN LITERARY CRITICISM
Final Examination

Mr. Sypher
1975

Discuss how far the major critics read in this course
would consider both art and science as fictive worlds.

11. SELF AS SUBJECT IN ROMANTIC POETRY
Final Examination

Mrs. Tayler
August 8, 1975

- I. In Book XI (1805), lines 258 and following, Wordsworth explains his conception of "spots of time." Choose from The Prelude two examples of such "spots" and show--by close examination of the text--their relevance to the contexts in which they appear, and, if you can, to what you believe to be Wordsworth's larger purposes in The Prelude.
- II. In the opening forty stanzas of Canto V, Juan, Johnson, and the narrator pass the time with remarks that bear on what we can recognize as many of Byron's recurring thematic interests. Pick from that section one of these "interests" and examine its importance to our understanding of Don Juan, Manfred, and Cain. (Use this occasion to show your close familiarity with the texts.)
- III. In Wordsworth's "To ----" (Stillinger, pp. 432-433) we find a variation on the carpe diem theme. Can you--by isolating those elements that differ from the traditional handling of that theme--use the poem to define some characteristic of the "romantic" view of the self? Do your readings in Byron suggest that he shares the same view? How so, or why not? (Choose a specific passage or passages from Byron to demonstrate.)

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

Robert Herrick

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting;
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time;
And while ye may, go marry:
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

Three Hours

Answer Question One and two other questions.

1. Choose one of the following poems and write a detailed critical interpretation, giving special attention to language and form. In the course of this interpretation you should demonstrate, by reference to other poems, how the work is representative in theme and style of its author's general artistic vision.

Ezra Pound, "Portrait d'une Femme" (Selected Poems, pp. 16-17)
T. S. Eliot, "La Figlia Che Piange" (Complete Poems, p. 20)
W. H. Auden, "In Memory of W. B. Yeats" (Poets of Britain, pp. 369-71)
Thomas Hardy, "The Voice" (Poets of Britain, pp. 32-33)
Philip Larkin, "Church Going" (Poets of Britain, pp. 411-13)
2. In his famous review of Ulysses, T. S. Eliot declared that the "mythic method" offered a vital alternative to outmoded narrative forms. Discuss and compare the use of myth and legend in two of the following: Eliot, Pound, Graves, Auden.
3. "No verse is free for the man who wants to do a good job." Do you agree with Eliot's dictum? Discuss the issue of freedom vs. restraint, innovation vs. tradition, in the poetry of one or two of the following: Eliot, Pound, Lawrence, Auden, Hughes, Larkin.
4. Discuss the uses of different dramatic voices or "personae" in either Maunderley or The Waste Land.
5. Discuss the general uses of historical and literary allusions in either Pound or Eliot.
6. Discuss the general design and major themes of either The Waste Land or one of the Quartets.
7. Discuss the uses of a "moralized landscape" in Auden's poetry.
8. Discuss the problems of diction and imagery in two of the following poems by Hardy:
 "Hap"
 "The Darkling Thrush"
 "Channel Firing"
 "The Phantom Horsewoman"
 "In Time of 'The Breaking of Nations'"
 "Afterwards"
9. In his essay "Beyond the Gentility Principle," Alvarez pits Larkin's ironic restraint against Hughes's expressive fury, and says that the style of Hughes is best suited to the violence and anxiety of contemporary life. Do you agree? Discuss the issue with reference to specific poems by recent British poets (Auden and after).
10. Define the essential qualities of one of the following poets through close analysis of one or two poems: Auden, Thomas, Larkin, Kinsella, Gunn, Hughes.

I.
(90 minutes)

Write brief essays on four of the following:

1. The Classes of the Canterbury Pilgrims
2. The Pardoner's Prologue and Tale
3. Troilus as Medieval Knight
4. The Host
5. Troilus in the Temple
6. Theseus's Funeral Speech
7. Your Concept of Pandarus

II.
(90 minutes)

In each of the following passages:

- (a) identify it as closely as possible;
- (b) explain anything in it which in your opinion should be explained to one not acquainted with the work of Chaucer. Do not translate, but note the underlined words or phrases.

1. His hors were goode, but he was nat gay.
Of fustian he wered a gypon
Al bismotered with his habergeon,
For he was late ycome from his viage,
And wente for to doon his pilgrymage.
2. And whan the devel herde hire cursen so
Upon hir knees, he seyde in this manere:
"Now, Mabely, myn owene mooder deere.
Is this youre wyl in ernest that ye seye?"
3. Whan he was fro the temple thus departed,
He streght anon unto his paleys turneth,
Right with hire look thorough-shoten and thorough-darted,
Al feyneth he in lust that he sojorneth;
And al his chere and speche also he borneth,
And ay of Loves servantz every while.
Himself to wrye, at hem he began to smyle.

4. But natheles, wel in his herte he thoughte,
That she nas nat withoute a love in Troie;
For nevere, sythen he hire thennes broughte,
Ne koude he sen hire laughe or maken joie.
He nyst how best hire herte for t'acoye.
"But for t'assay," he seyde, "it naught ne greveth;
For he that naught n'asaieth, naught n'acheveth."
5. A joly poppere baar he is in his pouche;
Ther was no man, for peril, dorste hym touche.
A Sheffeld thwitel baar he in his hose.
Round was his face, and camus was his nose;
As piled as an ape was his skulle.
6. The styward bit the spices for to hye,
And eek the wyn, in al this melodye.
The usshers and the squiers been ygoon,
The spices and the wyn is come anon.
7. This accident so pitous was to heere,
And ek so like a sooth, at prime face,
And Troilus hire knyght to hir so deere,
His prive somyng, and the siker place,
That, tough that she did hym as thanne a grace,
Considered alle thynges as they stode,
No wonder is, syn she did al for his goode.
8. What sholde he studie and make hymselfen wood,
Upon a book in cloystre alwey to poure,
Or swynken with his handes, and laboure,
As Austyn bit? How shal the world be served?
9. "And if that I consente, I wrongfully
Compleyne, iwis. Thusn possed to and fro,
Al sterelees withinne a boot am I
Amydde the see, bitwixen wyndes two,
That in contrarie stonden evere mo.
Allas! what is this wondre maladie?
For hete of cold, for cold of hete, I dye."
10. And with that word he gan to waxen red,
And in his speche a litel wight he quok,
And caste asyde a litel wight his hed,
And stynte a while, and afterward he wok,
And sobreliche on hire he threw his lok,
And seyde, "I am, al be it yow no joie,
As gentil man as any wight in Troie."

20. ROMANCE
Final Examination

Mr. Hanning
August 7, 1975

- I. Discuss the significance of four of the following for the work in which they appear, and, if possible, indicate very briefly how the issue(s) raised in each case are also present in another romance read this term. (You may not have the time or desire to make such a connection in each of your answers, but if you can do so, go ahead.)

(UP TO TWO HOURS.)

Anthia and Habrocomes at the feast of Artemis

The accusation and rescue of Lunete

The steward, Tristan, and the dragon

Mark at the Cave of Lovers

The Judgment of Paris played as a dramatic spectacle

The Maid of Escalot

"About that time Sir Gawain must have been 76 years old and
King Arthur 92."

The cruel law of Scotland that victimizes women

The labors imposed on Psyche by Venus

Hippochoos the bandit

Yvain's last return to the magic spring

The 'ring of reason'

Astolfo's trip to the moon

- II. Starting either from one of the episodes or characters listed above, or from an episode you have chosen for yourself, write a brief essay in which you indicate some of the problems you have discovered (and solutions you have come to) in reading romances critically this term. You may move as far afield as you wish, within the limits of works read for the course. You may also deal with unsolved problems that have complicated your reading. In any case, stick close to the text in your analysis.

(FORTY-FIVE MINUTES TO ONE HOUR.)

Good luck!

21. STUDIES IN MODERN FICTION
Final Examination

Mr. Thorburn
August 7, 1975

ANSWER THREE OF THE QUESTIONS GIVEN BELOW, DISCUSSING DIFFERENT TEXTS IN EACH ANSWER.

1. The narratives read in this course are full of ceremonies of various kinds: arrivals, leave-takings, the formal and informal sharing of food. Choose two or three works and write an essay which examines one or two such ceremonial occasions in each work. You should try in your answer to explain the role of these occasions in the larger designs and themes of each work. You may find it helpful to consider the part played by religious imagery and allusion in the works you discuss.
2. Many of the works read in this course are profoundly self-conscious, concerned with the reaches and limits of art. Discuss this subject as it is dramatized in two or three of our texts. Be sure in your answer to discuss both characters and events within the story and the theme of art as it is enacted by the form itself. How do your writers connect these elements? How is this obsession with art's limitations related to some of the general concerns of modernism?
3. Many of our works present characters who take journeys that change and complicate their notions of themselves and society. Referring to specific scenes wherever possible, discuss the ways in which two or three protagonists are affected by journeys they make, giving particular attention to the symbolic significance of the places to which they travel. You may find it useful to consider whether these travelers change less than they themselves or the reader might have anticipated.
4. There are a number of women in the texts we've read who emerge as powerful and important figures in the fictional worlds they inhabit. Choose two or three women and discuss the nature of their powers and how they attempt to use them.

28. DRAMATIC IMAGINATION IN SHAKESPEARE
Final Examination

Mr. Sypher
1975

How far do you find that Shakespeare's attitudes toward
drama as evidenced in the plays imply or express an ethic?
Refer specifically to individual plays.

ANSWER ANY FOUR.

1. What are typological meanings? Give examples of their use in the "Nativity Ode," "Lycidas," Comus, Paradise Lost, and Samson Agonistes.
2. Write an essay on "Lycidas" in which you treat of the following points:
 - (a) the function of the Orpheus myth
 - (b) "Lycidas" as a pastoral
 - (c) the meaning of "Look Homeward, Angel"
 - (d) the shift in point of view in the last stanza
3. Is there a pattern in the epic similes of Paradise Lost? Give at least five examples of such similes. Make reference in your answer to Geoffrey Hartman's theory of the epic simile.
4. Describe the council in hell of Paradise Lost, giving the essential argument of each speaker and your assessment of his character.
5. Write an essay on Paradise Lost whose subject is any one of the following topics:
 - (a) God's foreknowledge and human freedom
 - (b) Milton's attitude towards women
 - (c) Raphael on the sex life of angels
 - (d) Milton's theory of history
 - (e) Milton's astronomy
6. If Milton believes that Paradise Lost is divinely inspired, how much credit for the poem belongs to Milton and how much to God?
7. Milton has called Samson Agonistes a tragedy. Given the Christian doctrine of rewards and punishments in an afterlife, is a Christian tragedy possible?

FINAL EXAM--Answer three out of four.

1. The following paragraph has blown from the blueberry fields to your doorstep, and (although none of you remembers having read it before) you astonish your friends by asserting that the diction, phrasing, and rationale all show it to be rooted in the period studied in your "Age of Sensibility" course. Summarize your arguments, drawing for detailed proof on at least three works read this term.

When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.----- We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness.-- That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just Powers from the consent of the governed. -- That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness.

2. You are a social historian studying the literature of the "age of sensibility" for evidence about the shifts in attitudes towards the individual that occurred during this time. Choose three works (from three different genres) on which you could base an argument about these changing attitudes, and demonstrate the effectiveness of your choices.
3. Some person, unacquainted of course with the materials we have been reading this term, has been foolish enough to suggest that the following passage from Wordsworth's "Preface" to the Lyrical Ballads (1800) expresses a revolutionary break with the 18th century. Refute him, with liberal use of examples.

The principle object, then, proposed in these Poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them, throughout, as far as was possible in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain coloring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect; and, further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature; chiefly, as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Humble and rustic life was generally chosen, because, in that condition, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language.

4. Northrop Frye, in his essay "Towards Defining an Age of Sensibility," observes that

Some languages use verb-tenses, not time, but the difference between completed and continuous action. And in the history of literature we become aware, not only of periods, but of a recurrent opposition of two views of literature. These two views are the Aristotelian and the Longinian, the aesthetic and the psychological, the view of literature as product and the view of literature as process. In our day we have acquired a good deal of respect for literature as process.... In the age of sensibility, the sense of literature as process was brought to a peculiarly exquisite perfection.

And Frye brilliantly demonstrates the implications of this generalization in a variety of examples drawn from most of the genres. Yet the period also produced such important synoptic theorists as Hume, Gibbon, Reynolds, Adam Smith, Wollstonecraft, even Blake. Does your reading in the period suggest connections between these two seemingly very different activities, or postures? If so, demonstrate the connections you perceive, drawing closely on examples to support your views. (If you see no connection, but would like to comment on the phenomenon in some illuminating way, you are welcome illuminating way, you are welcome to do that instead.)

62. MODERN AMERICAN POETRY
Final Examination

Mr. Pack
August 8, 1975

"There is nothing that gives the feel of Connecticut like coming home to it. . . . It is a question of coming home to the American self in the sort of place in which it was formed. Going back to Connecticut is a return to an origin. And, as it happens, it is an origin which many men all over the world, both those who have been part of us and those who have not, share in common: an origin of hardihood, good faith and good will."

—Wallace Stevens

Compose an essay on the theme of returning. What limits does the act of returning imply? What spiritual accomplishment does the act of returning make possible? Support your essay with specific references to poems by two of the poets studied this summer.

This is a two-hour exam. "Listen while I talk on / against time. / It will not be / for long."

—W. C. Williams

64. THE OVIDIAN LEGACY IN THE 16TH CENTURY
Final Examination

Mr. Hanning
August 8, 1975

I. Do A or B. (One to one and one-half hours.)

- A. Read Amores, Book Two, 15-17. In an essay, discuss the poem from one or more points of view, indicating thematic and attitudinal concerns that seem to you particularly Ovidian; if you can, refer briefly to other places in Ovid that reveal similar interests.
- B. Read the story of Salmacis (Metamorphoses, Book Four; Humphries trans., pp. 90-93). This story is often quoted as a source for the role-reversal in Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis (i.e., woman wooing man). In an essay, consider parallels of any kind you see fit between this story in Ovid and any of the sixteenth-century English mythological poetry we have read (Hero and Leander; Venus and Adonis; Fairie Queene, Book Three). Also, if you can, consider important differences in tone or meaning between the Ovidian story and one of the later works.

II. Discuss briefly the significance of four of the following (two from Ovid, two from sixteenth-century works) for the work in which they appear and, if possible, for the whole Ovidian tradition as we have examined it.

- A. Met., V, 226-236 (Humphries, p. 114, from "Dismiss your fear...fixed forever").
- B. Met., I, 486-499 (H., 17-18, "Let me be a virgin...if it were combed").
- C. Ars Am., I, 295-307 (H., 114, "Pasiphae...you're no heifer").
- D. Ars Am., II, 640-651 (H., 149, "Do not blame...after its kind").
- E. The fateful look into a pool.
- F. Olympia as Diana surprised (Waldman, p. 113 top).
- G. Mercury and the Destinies.
- H. Mermaids et al at the bottom of the Hellespont.
- I. Hero and Leander, Sest. 2, 287-296.
- J. Venus and Adonis, 1165-1182 (Adonis' metamorphosis).
- K. Venus as deer park.
- L. The birth of Amoret and Belphebe.
- M. The fate of Malbecco.
- N. Florimell and Proteus.

Write clearly, and leave time to re-read answers. Good luck!

94. THE IMAGE OF SOCIETY IN AMERICAN LITERATURE,
1865-1900
Final Examination

Mr. Brodhead

August 8, 1975

PART ONE
(One hour)

Select two items from the following list and write a brief essay about each, discussing how three of the authors we have studied would respond to them and conceive of their significance.

the intra-uterine device

Transcendental Meditation

the bombing of bank branches

national health insurance

PART TWO
(One hour)

Discuss one of the following topics:

1. "The true artist lives the life of his people, taking their experience as his subject and using his art to serve their human needs. But bourgeois capitalist society conspires to force the man of sensitivity into isolation, and thus to force art into the narrow sphere of the merely aesthetic."

Consider how at least three of the authors we have studied would respond to this assertion and how their work either bears out or disproves its contention.

2. I can conceive of a community, today and here, in which, on a sufficient scale, the perfect personalities, without noise meet; say in some pleasant western settlement or town, where a couple of hundred best men and women, of ordinary worldly status, have by luck drawn together, with nothing extra of genius or wealth, but virtuous, chaste, industrious, cheerful, resolute, friendly, and devout.... I can see there, in every young and old man, after his kind, and in every woman after hers, a true personality, develop'd, exercised proportionately in body, mind, and spirit.

Whitman, "Democratic Vistas"

Using at least three of our authors, discuss and compare how they would respond to such a vision of a community of perfectly developed individuals: does such a community seem attainable to them? if not, why not? if so, what could be done to bring it into being?

Answer any four.

1. Evaluate Dr. Johnson's comment that "to the comparison of a man that travels and his wife that stays at home, with a pair of compasses, it may be doubted whether absurdity or ingenuity has a better charm." Let your answer include a definition of the metaphysical style which draws examples from any four poets.
2. Write an essay on Donne's The Extasie in which you
 - (a) place the poem in the tradition of the Renaissance theory of Platonic love.
 - (b) give the prose sense of the poem
 - (c) comment on the controversy concerning the poem's meaning:
is it a serious exercise in neo-Platonic theory or is it a poem of seduction, and what sort of evidence would you seek to resolve this dilemma?
3. What is Herbert's theory of poetry? Give examples from at least five poems by Herbert in which the theory is expressed either implicitly or explicitly.
4. Write an essay in which you characterize the important points of criticism or scholarship concerning the metaphysicals in the works of any three of the following: Louis Martz, Frank Kermode, Leo Spitzer, Cleanth Brooks, Joseph Summers.
5. Answer either A or B.
 - A. Discuss the problem of immanence and transcendence in the poetry of Vaughan.
 - B. Give an interpretation of Vaughan's "Regeneration."
6. What is the baroque style and how is it exemplified in Crashaw? Give examples.
7. Give an explication, line by line, and an interpretation of Marvell's "Mourning." Include in your answer a contrast between Marvell's use of conceits about tears in this poem and Crashaw's conceits in "The Weeper."
8. Write an essay on any one of the following topics in Marvell interpretation.
 - (a) pastoral and anti-pastoral
 - (b) Marvell's attitude towards sex
 - (c) Why Marvell won't commit himself

95. COSMOPOLITANS AND PROVINCIALS
Finals Examination

Mr. Guttman
August 7, 1975

Here is an excerpt from a recent novel. Read the text carefully and then write on the following topics:

The relationship of the text to the general concerns of the course;

Thematic parallels and possible influences from the writers we have read and discussed;

Stylistic parallels and possible influences from the writers we have read and discussed.

Be as specific as you can be, especially in the parallels and possible influences, but do not overstate the degree of probability.

(1)

MAYLENE would have been my mother-in-law! Mary noticed that in any considerations of Maylene I never seemed to have the familial tone—she noticed that Maylene as mother-in-law had never actually occurred to me. “Maylene would have been your own dear mother-in-law!” Says that and fires up the Tappan for supper.

It gives one pause, for one must internalize such a realization to make it a felt truth—something all wool and a yard wide. One should be able to do better at defending the mother of your own child’s mother.

Did Henry marry a mentally deficient woman, thus proving himself to be a threatened and inept monster? No. The answer is no—for Maylene could play the piano a little and had a pleasant singing voice. She even played in church sometimes, and she had a high-school diploma. She could write some English. She seems to have been especially talented at math and science, and she read the county paper every day, and the *Post* every chance she could get her hands on it—and she was interested in raising horses. In fact, Henry says he encouraged the idea of raising horses, but that takes money, and at the time he didn’t have any to spare. Wasn’t a damn thing wrong with Maylene except that her plain people inadvertently raised her into the psychology of a rich and cultivated person. Something like that.

What Henry saw when he looked at her was a pretty little country girl—but actually she had a fancy sensibility. She should have been just another Mississippi farm girl, but actually she was the shepherdess in Boucher’s *Pastoral*. Henry wanted genre paint-

ing, but she was all baroque on the inside. She may have spent her childhood contemplating cow patties but her soul was meant to be at home in the *Fête at Rambouillet*, by Fragonard. I'm almost positive that all those years of languishing in the south forty caused her to see the average pine forests as paths and wombs and caverns of sensuous and reasonable fecund green. I'll give you five to one that's what was the matter, Mary. She should have been Fragonard's lady on the velvet seat of a delicate rope swing—a lady kicking off her slipper for that lecherous fellow in the dandy pants. Which fellow is looking up her dress. Nobody really wants to live the simple life.

Henry couldn't grasp that—not back then. It took Maria in New Orleans to make a decadent of Henry. He had to be burned and painted his own self before he could understand.

Henry had the right idea. He wanted a family, and that's the kind of worthy goal that seems to have gone entirely out of fashion with the youth of today. Most of my generation would rather marinate their brain cells in gin or blow their minds on bennies, or other kinds of dope.

To hell with young folks. I'm twenty-five, with the responsibilities of educating young men and women, and I'm making a second serious attempt at making a woman happy, and these are equally difficult vocations.

But it's the old ones on our mind now.

There's no possible way Henry could have improved his lot with Maylene—a person who never gets plugged in on normal human time won't ever come to anything, no matter how hard you try.

Even if Henry had been able to say, "Goddammit now, Maylene, you come on and step your little tail right on out from that picture frame and fix my scrambled eggs"—move off out here in Real Time and away from that static prospect of hogs and blue bottle flies, all captured in a scene among the rotting melons—ain't no still goddamned shred of grass hanging eternally from a Jersey's mouth can ever equal the booming and buzzing of the good old-fashioned *human* real world. Even if he'd known how to

say it and charm her out of all that foolishness, what then? What if he'd been able to change her from STOP to GO? What if she'd actually quit being a seer of stillnesses and, paradoxically, also a proto-coquette. What a flavorless gain! What a loss!

But Mary says I'm messing around in her domain—the Enlightenment. She says that Maylene could not have possibly *related* to both Fragonard and Vermeer. She says it's a contradiction in terms. Well Billy be damned and etc.—so much for terms—because it's all a matter of point of view: objective or subjective. From the outside she looked like a Vermeer or maybe even a bleak Hopper—she *looked* that way. But from the inside she *felt* herself to be a Fragonard. She *desired* Fragonard and Watteau. I think I already made that clear. Which of course explains honky-tonks.

At which point Mary starts throwing plastic plates and saucers and cups at me, and she's amazingly accurate, especially in sailing the plates. Whoooooeee, she looks so fine in jeans and bandanna bra. Mary, be both my bandicoot and bandersnatch. Bop me. Noggin my noggin all you want, but later, my little mouse, I get in your pouch, sweet marsupial.

Such talk will calm her mind.

Art History 2013. Hot damn, it turned me on. Maylene is the *Young Lady Adorning Herself with a Pearl Necklace*. Adorning herself. Which pearls she got out of that pig wallow she's always watching—the wallow where people are always throwing their pearls right before her new eyes—eyes as warm as egg yellows exactly ten seconds after you turn the burner on.

In Jan's fine picture it looks like the girl is checking herself out in a little mirror on the wall, but we know better. She is *not* looking at herself and she is *not* thinking about those oyster frustrations she holds in her little fingers, and she is *not* Julia Pastrana looking across the Queen's table in London with an eye to figure out which of those creatures is her real father. Truth is—the girl with the ermine fringe upon her garments is Maylene, and Maylene is looking out a little mullioned window, looking, dear friend, at her

buzzard tree, and she is calm. That delicate gaze is on those birds beaded up on those limbs like dirty oil on a piston rod, and she is calm, self-satisfied, and beautiful.

To make shrimp teriyaki in Fort Worth one must marinate at least a pound of deveined green shrimp (shelled) for at least fifteen minutes in bland cooking oil and soy sauce and pineapple juice—and then, if your lover has begun a tirade on passion, loyalty, race, religion, ambition, and death, you cool it all for ten minutes before dumping it on his goddamned head. Which Mary did, and I don't blame her, much. I am, however, irrepressible, as it goes in blurbs: Henry! Henry, with your dork seized by a lady from a *fête galante*, you did your best—but be more gentle. Bite her lightly on the ear and tell her a sorrowful story. Cry quietly in her ear, “Buzzard, buzzard, buzzard. Dearest Maylene, I'll never shoot another buzzard on the wing, the fifty-dollar fine being more than we can afford.” Buzzard, buzzard, Maylene—don't that make your clit quiver, Maylene? But now I am undone. I'm covered with shrimp and shame and rice, and I don't smell too good, and I'm hungry enough to eat what's spilled over my head and shoulders and books and papers. I *would* eat it if it weren't for Mary's sincere invective against me.

She can cook and she can sew, and in the evening she doth blow.

But Henry never did learn to do Maylene right, and she stayed nervous, and she got April under one of those pump-a, pump-a worthless screws that come to nothing except mean babies. Poor Maylene, finally withering away in Helen's guest bed. Poor Henry, who ran to the Boykins seeking something moderately normal.

And Helen actually did have Vermeer prints in Maylene's room, on the very wall by her dying bed—*Maid servant Pouring Milk*, *The Music Lesson*, *A Lady Writing* (and what a shame we don't have Maylene's letters), all the most famous prints—and Helen's logic was impeccable. Pictures to encourage Maylene to the very end—images to encourage her in Education and Industry.

“Sonny, Christalmighty, Jesusgod, Hush Puppy, Chitlin, Nigah-lovah! Sonny, STOP.” That's what she says, and, “Stop torturing yourself!” Which ain't no good line. “No amount of *construing* will make it better. You fucked up. You lost your fucking wife and you lost your fucking child. Face up to it.” Mary certainly lacks a proper sense of play.

This new woman of mine, because she was raised all over the world, though mostly in Formosa, has got what is called a Standard American voice. It's more like she was born in Des Moines than in Austin. It is shrill and flat and hurts one's ears. “You don't know shit from Shinola—as . . . you . . . say—about painting. Let it be . . . as . . . you . . . say.” And I do hate to see a woman cry, but finally it won't impede me.

Pride, Maylene, plain sensual pride is what you suffered and died of (although the clinic called it measles and neurasthenia)—Pride, the pride of a swollen sow, and so she did die and get buried about two weeks before Pearl Harbor. They say she died of measles, neurasthenia, and complications, and the sunshine glistened on the vault nobs in a fashion that would have pleased old Jan, and certainly the light of God will remain with her in the ashes until Judgment Day. And what shall Maylene's heaven be? Cowbirds and winged pigs, black angels dancing a sacred minuet? Bertrand Russell doing the Memphis Shuffle?

It's mid-July and Mary has gone to Galveston to visit friends. She says she won't come back until April and Royal are married and I've got my sense back. O.K.

II

April's marrying Royal Carle Boykin soon, and he's a good man in spite of being a smartass—or at least that's what I would of called him before I went with the Dallas Bulls of The NFL, before I learned what I did with that red shirt on. And I did say it to his

face plenty of times. I had to straighten him out sometimes when we ran around together. I helped him out.

But let there be credit where credit is due. With Henry and April, in the kitchen, he took a calculated risk, he damn well diced for his future, and maybe even for his soul. He's coming right along, and he called on me again last night.

Royal called last night, called me from Jackson, and he was suffering on the long-distance line—he's high on Rebel Yell, which ain't Turkey, or even green Jack, and he has been unfaithful. *Double and triple unfaithful*, he says. Soon to be married to my wife (on August 15), the engagement to be mentioned in the state papers (and also in New Orleans) next week, he has been out with a Jackson woman. He has carried on with her! I was tempted to tell him to tell it to April, but of course that would have been foolish and no fun at all. Ding-a-ling, his voice a dingbat thrown four hundred miles: *Son? Hullo, this is Roil.*

It was lovely. I said hold on a moment and got the whole jar of frosty Gibsons out of the fridge, and then I eased down in Mary's Day-Glo chair. The air conditioner was a-drone and I was very much at peace before the body of the talk started.

"Hey, Son, what the hell's goin' on?"

"—"

"Whudder we doin' to ourselves? Son? Are you there, Son?"

"Yes indeedy. Rave on, Royal. Rave on."

And he said he didn't mean to be out tonight with a woman so shallow she's convex, but what's to be done in lieu of late movies on T.V. and Jax beer—and how shall one live in a city that has no desire to become a Padua? *DALLAS*, he shouts—all they admire is *DALLAS*—but, *Son, these Jackson women are the most beautiful in the world, they are the most profoundly sexual and decent creatures in Western Civilization—they're woeful peckernappers—bands and cadres of toothed vaginas. Son, they work at loving like it's a correspondence course in shorthand. They're trying to improve their lot! Raunchy has become no more than a way to build character. Raunchy is merchandise. They debase ole Billy's death!*

I told him that women had done that sort of thing for a long time, and I pointed out that April's not so different herself.

NO, NO—NOT DALLAS, NOT CLEVELAND...

This ain't like you, Roll. Not at all like you, and the boy says he is changed, and he's sorry he shit on me last spring. He says me and my niggers weren't crazy after all, and just how many people do you know who'd run the phone bill up for nothing more than old time's sake and because they feel guilty about how they're living their lives. Royal did, ole muchahumpah Boykin did just that. He says: *I come back here because I thought that bad as it is there's people sensitive enough to change it sanely... but it's a city unworthy of any descent from the entrepreneurs of twelfth-century Bavaria. Son, it's a harsh place, but it now lacks or never had the true gift of great self-serving greed. Son, a small greed is the worst. Son, it is desirous—but it is lacking in profound cupidity. Something like that.*

Royal, relax on the Wilbur Cashish sociology. What about the women? For I knew it was the Jackson women that had cast him back to April and Bryan and Henry.

Right, right. What the hell's the South about if it's not about women?

Lula? April? Maylene? Helen? Jackson women?

"Do you hate me, Son?"

"Nope."

"Son, if there's any chance you'll evah come home to the family, I quit right now..."

"No chance at all."

"She's O.K., Son? She ain't no bad woman?"

"—"

"Son?" Beg, sunnavabitch, beg!

"Yes, indeedy," I answered evenly. "She's O.K."

"Good, good."

I told him that any man in his right mind would take a chance on April and Aubrey and Henry and a load of birdshot in the back of the head and neck rather than consign his fate to the Jackson women. Seek your bride in Bryan, Collins, D'Lo, and Yazoo. Seek not in Jackson—or any place in urban Texas. Enough.

"You never did intend to go East or West, did you?"

"Never."

"Did Stream's call really shake you up?"

"Damn right!"

Royal's problem has always been virginity. I'm damn near positive he'll enter his marriage essentially a virgin. Maybe there was a whore once or twice in New Orleans, an obligation to his fraternity, and maybe there was some lady in cotton undies up in Nashville during law school—but never a Polly Roberts, a Modene Grunch, an April of the silky pudenda—none of your essential down-home-type fucking. Royal's what's called pure, in the good sense.

And now he's calling me because he's carrying the burden of his near sin.

He and Stream, who's still working his textbooks out of Jackson, got themselves a couple of excellent girls from a local bank and they set out to act the roles of proper bachelors—a last fling for Royal before he finalizes the deal with April, wherein he'll be most surely committed to steady sex, and loving, and fathering, and I'm not suggesting that R.C.'s queer—never—because he's always enjoyed his fair share of titties, all the baleful extremes of petting, no doubt—but when those two girls got drunk as coots and began to attempt the casual and mass media brand of seggsuality, deciding to take a nude plunge in the apartment pool at 2:00 a.m., Royal turned loud red as a Pall Mall package—in direct contrast to Stream, who, though nervous as Jim Eastland at an NAACP picnic most of the time, is, finally, a wild man, a crude voluptuary, which is more to his credit than anything else I can think of.

Stream, who's buttless and never had much definition in his muscles, is delighted to strip on down to his candy-cane Jockey briefs. Stands there on top of the Formica coffee table and reads "The Force That Through the Green Fuse Drives the Flower" in a wretched, nasal imitation of Thomas and then does the Sabine women bit with his naughty, naked date right on out into the pool. Whoopee, and to hell with anybody in the stockade who might be up that late to see it. Stream's a gifted drinker. He's always able to reach a level that charms without cloying, excites without offend-

ing, depending on the company. A man who faints on Tennyson is capable of anything.

But Royal can't drink well at all. He goes from nothing more than a warm stomach to deathly ill without benefit of vision between, and sitting there engaged to April, imagining what Henry'd think if he saw the scene, he's suffering a state of fierce consternation.

His date is Ruth Motor, Edna's third cousin, who is originally from Hot Coffee, and she is crazy about F. Scott Fitzgerald and Hemingway, and loves also good ole Kahlil—she is a really decent woman, except for too much spray net, and she is positive, after good oysters and beer earlier in the evening (and after a good production of *The Rose Tattoo* at the Little Theater)—she is positive that this amazingly suave Mr. Boykin will dearly love the whole-some frolic she's got in mind.

"Royal, honey, cum on," says Ruth, kicking off her genuinely expensive Ann Hickey shoes. Royal and Ruth had been selecting records throughout most of Stream and Dora's strip, selecting, stacking, and playing records to both encourage and distract the ritual. A matter of distraction to Royal, a matter of encouragement to Ruth—Dora and Stream getting bare to the strains of Tannhäuser. *Oysters, Tennessee Williams, Dylan Thomas, and Tannhäuser: Son, there's got to be something peculiarly Southern about all that.*

Ruth's saying, "Stream's cute but you're better built," while whipping off her stockings and working her toes up and down in the deep pile.

It's not all that easy or even reasonable to turn down the Ruth Motors of the world—and after Stream and Dora gave up their naked poetry and galloped off to swim, Royal let down his defenses considerably—he drew Ruth down to him on the couch, kissing her eyes and telling her to keep her clothes on until the bedroom and the dark: "Keep your clothes on, Ruth, for the present. Please?"

"Sweet shy Royal," and then she bites his nose, reverting to some habit she'd learned in Hot Coffee. *I tried to laugh it off by*

telling her she'd have to admit they looked pretty silly bare-assed. I told her that seeing her clean knees and looking down her low dress at those wonderful big bosoms was super and a helluva lot closer to the spirit of modern love than being a goddamned exhibitionist.

Kiss, kiss, kiss—and Son, I was almost crying out of raw . . . excitement.

"Am I ugly, Royal?"

"Ugly!"

Son, those stockades they live in in Jackson are fearful—god-damn gates of wrought iron—buzzers and bells for admittance—all that phony aristocratic bullshit—tier on tier of rooms full of pretty people, and not one of them in true love . . . and, yeah, who the hell am I, "Moon Pie Boykin," to knock Ruth or anybody else who lives in the motherfucking Regal Arms Apartments. Uncommonly common language for R.C. Who am I to knock a clean girl who keeps up a nice room or two and cooks a fine lasagna? Fucking-A, as you say, Son—she's superclean—she's hot—she reads PLAYBOY—eat her and she tastes like butter ripple ice cream or fried rice. She douches or whatever they do. She . . . is . . . so . . . pretty. She's prettier than OUR April . . .

I took her up the carpeted stairs to Stream's room—where Stream's got the bottom part of a department store mannequin suspended from the ceiling with black panties on—the damn thing swings lightly, pushed by the breeze from the air vent up at the ceiling. It was Stream's smelly bed, where he beats off all the time, and I started telling her about my parents.

Goddamn, Son. I told her the whole thing. I even told her about Henry and April, and I think I even mentioned you. The room smelled of Scotch and soiled clothes. Soiled clothes: a very Boykinean expression. And it wasn't much better than doing it in the pool. Body ash/chlorine. She was down to skin in no time and I was talking about Momma and Daddy trapped in the car on fire, with Henry burned out on the road and all bunged up. I kept on thinking that I'm not the kind of people that does things like this to Ruth Motors. I'm sitting with all my clothes on right in the middle of that seamy bed and I've got her laid out across my lap so I can work her at both ends like she's a dulcimer . . . Son, I was my father. I was romantic, garrulous, and humane. I'm talking about my parents

screaming in the goddamned car—and Henry down on his knees watching Momma's face pushed against the glass and then the glass breaking and Momma and Daddy spilling part way out on the road. Shish ke-bab. And Mother's foot also stuck out the little back window. Shit. And I brought Ruth off—she's popping around like bacon in a pan—and I brought her off while I'm jabbering hysterically about Daddy reading Jack London. I told Ruth Motor that Momma smelled like grapefruit and Daddy like pine oil. And then I take off my clothes! We wrap up in Stream's grubby purple sheets and I go on talking. Stuff about okra and trying to reconcile myself to you and Henry and April. Ole Ruth, she hung in there and listened and said it was wonderful, but didn't I need some help myself, meaning to make it . . .

Goddamn Royal. He should not have mixed personal history—any kind of history—up with simple screwing, for as Augustine points out: He who praises the nature of the soul as the sovereign good and condemns the nature of the flesh as evil, truly both carnally desires the soul and carnally shuns the flesh; for his feeling is inspired by human vanity, not by divine truth.

Women like Ruth ought to have a law on the books that will let them bring the Royals of the world to trial for a breach of sexual contract. And, Royal, don't give me any yogurt about how that loving, with its complex-type confessions, is sufficient, the equal of a roughfuck. Not so—and baby you put down that sort of foolishness with April and she'll cut out with every latent heterosexual redneck in Hinds County.

Ruth may not have minded that easy dawdling you gave her—but that action without a good pneumatic assault on her brand-new diaphragm is worthless—it's goddamned criminal. Women like Ruth, without a proper liberal education and without a culture that provides a duenna to instruct in matters social and physical, are wonders of self-preservation. They're revolted by the thought of abortion—the destroying of a tiny baby—and they fear the abstraction and spooky chemistry of the pill, so they set their fragile, residual Calvinism on the bathroom shelf next to the Arrid spray, and then they go get fitted. I suffer to think of it.

The city of Jackson ought to raise a statue of Ruth with her hair piled high, of Ruth clutching her tastefully designed contra-

ceptive purse under her long, round arms—for it's Ruth who's hauling that city kicking and screaming into the inevitable and healthy wantonness of the future. Let them design the statue in such a way that, to accommodate the moods of custom, her plastic clothes can be changed from time to time, and also her hair. Let her be continually various and beautiful—let Baptists from Clinton and Arabs from Vicksburg also worship there...

There are two things I have always observed to be in singular accord: supercelestial thoughts and subterranean conduct—or so go *Essais* by tough Mr. Montaigne.

"Royal, why all this stuff?" And he's quiet, and he's trying to answer correctly, but can't.

"Because of what I'm doing."

"Go on and marry her."

"I guess I'll have to." Which did finally piss me off.

"Why *have* to?"

"Son... you... know... why."

Because she's mine. Because you told Henry, the summer after their deaths, that you finally couldn't consider them to be your parents, since you're adopted—you're staying with Henry and taking meals with all three of them that summer at Helen's—and you try to have an *understanding* with Henry. Jesus! It's a wonder he didn't murder you on the spot back then. You're working at the Mill with me and you say this town can't be your home since they're dead, nor any part of the state. You tell me and Stream those deaths by fire have made you a citizen of the world. My. My. You stand on that same front porch where Henry left Maylene—Royal stood there and said that life was *mysterious* and that his *destiny* was elsewhere—freshman bilge. Said stuff like that to Henry.

And now he tells me he don't know why he's marrying April!

"Yeah, Royal—it's because you'd like to be a grown man. Go to hell, Royal. I got lessons to prepare, books to read, about Mars.

Read Rilke, or Gibbon, or prepare to go to Mars—for there are no other alternatives."

"Sonny... you're being mean."

Mean. He calls me mean.

Three Hours

Answer three questions, at least one from each section.

I.

1. Discuss and contrast the Rose and the Tower as emblems in Yeats's poetry.
2. Discuss one of the following pairs of poems:
 "September 1913" and "Easter 1916"
 "Sailing to Byzantium" and "Byzantium"
 "Coole Park, 1929" and "Coole Park and Ballylee, 1931"
3. Compare Yeats's view of Parnell with that of Joyce.
4. Discuss Yeats's poetry as a kind of sustained autobiography.
5. Discuss (with reference to specific poems) the extent to which an understanding of Yeats's esoteric "system" illuminates his later poetry.
6. Discuss the importance of two of the following poems in Yeats's artistic career; show how they are typical of the period in which they were written.

"Adam's Curse"
"September 1913"
"The Wild Swans at Coole"
"Sailing to Byzantium"
"Among School Children"
"Leda and the Swan"
"Lapis Lazuli"
"Under Ben Bulbin"

1. Discuss "The Dead" as a recapitulation and extension of the major themes in Dubliners.
2. The theme of frustrated escape is repeated throughout Dubliners: discuss its treatment in two stories.
3. Joyce once called the first three stories of Dubliners "stories of my childhood." Compare the small boy of these stories with the young Stephen Dedalus in Portrait.
4. How is the growth of Stephen's artistic personality reflected in the structure, imagery, and language of Portrait?
5. Discuss the first three chapters of Ulysses (and the Library chapter if you wish) as a "sixth chapter" of Portrait.
6. Discuss the workings of the Homeric parallels in Ulysses, with emphasis on one or two chapters.
7. Discuss the various meetings (or near-meetings) of Stephen and Bloom.
8. Discuss the theme of "Home Rule" in Ulysses.
9. Why did Joyce call Molly's chapter "the indispensable countersign to Bloom's passport to eternity"?
10. Discuss the "styles" of Ulysses, their range and functions.

PART ONE
(45 minutes)

Write a brief essay on each of the following extracts, identifying its probable author and discussing its relation to his characteristic methods and concerns.

"Alas, venerable lady!" said Governor Hancock, tending her his support with all the reverence that a courtier would have shown to a queen. "Your life has been prolonged until the world has changed around you. You have treasured up all that time has rendered worthless...and you are a symbol of the past. And I, and these around me---we represent a new race of men---living no longer in the past, scarcely in the present---but projecting our lives forward into the future. Ceasing to model ourselves on ancestral superstitions, it is our faith and principle to press onward, onward!"

"Myself am left, at least," he slowly and half-chokingly murmured. "With myself I front thee! Unhand me all fears, and unlock me all spells! Henceforth I will know nothing but Truth....Thou Black Knight, that with visor down, thus confrontest me, and mockest at me; lo! I strike through thy helm, and will see thy face, be it Gorgon! Let me go, ye fond affectations; all piety leave me;--I will be impious, for piety hath juggled me, and taught me to revere, where I should spurn. From all idols, I tear all veils; henceforth I will see the hidden things, and live right out in my own hidden life!"

I was sick--sick unto death with that long agony; and when they at length unbound me, and I was permitted to sit, I felt that my senses were leaving me. The sentence--the dread sentence of death--was the last of distinct accentuation that reached my ears. After that, the sound of the inquisitorial voices seemed merged in one dreamy indeterminate hum. It conveyed to my soul the idea of revolution--perhaps from its association in fancy with the burr of a mill-wheel. This only for a brief period, for presently I heard no more. Yet, for a while, I saw--but with how terrible an exaggeration! I saw the lips of the black-robed judges. They appeared to me white--whiter than the sheet on which I trace these words--and thin even to grotesqueness; thin with the intensity of the expression of their firmness--of immovable resolution--of stern contempt for human torture. I saw that the decrees of what to me was Fate were still issuing from those lips. I saw them writhe with a deadly locution. I saw them fashion the syllables of my name; and I shuddered because no sound succeeded.

PART TWO
(75 minutes)

Write on one of the following topics. Be sure to support your arguments with specific examples, and be careful to confine your discussion to the parts of each author's work that bear most directly on the topic.

1. "If Poe, Hawthorne, and Melville have one trait in common, it is their fascination with the mysteries and dynamics of the human psyche, and yet there is no such thing as normal psychology in their imaginative worlds: with relentless consistency they envision the mind as a diseased and self-destructive force." Discuss.
2. "The ambiguous symbols, unsettling explanations, and unresolved endings in the works of Hawthorne, Melville, and Poe reveal the failure of these authors to understand the most basic fact about art, that its purpose is to provide in imaginative form the clarity, coherence, and significance that real life can never achieve." Discuss.
3. The typical action of the works of Hawthorne, Melville, and Poe is that of a flight. Their central characters either actually stage or else actively contemplate their departure from the world of towns, social roles, and social codes. Using one work by each author, compare their handling of the motif of the flight, discussing in particular the nature of the alternative worlds that the characters seek and the extent to which the authors see these alternative worlds as attainable and conducive to full human development.

124. THEATER GAMES
Final Examination

Mr. Book
August 7, 1975

I. Discuss the purpose of side coaching.

Also explain the specific use of six of the following side coach phrases:

1. Give and take
2. Stage picture
3. Go with it
4. Share your voice
5. Agreement
6. Detail the object
7. One minute
8. Converge
9. Gibberish
10. Contact
11. Heighten

II. A basic or beginning Theater Games course is made up of five areas of work: Who, Where, Sensory games, What, Intermediate-advanced games. Arrange them in the proper order in which they should be learned and give reasons for your choice. In addition, include examples of specific games within each area.

III. What is the difference between "planning" and "playwriting" and why are both destructive to good playing?

IV. How do you learn or teach "Who" (as opposed to "What" and "Where")?

V. In our Theater Game course at Bread Loaf, we played the "Who Am I?" game after we became adept at the "Where" games. Why? What kind of playing of "Who Am I?" would you anticipate if it was learned before "Where"?

146. ASPECTS OF POP CULTURE
Final Examination

Mr. Thorburn
August 8, 1975

PART ONE
(ONE HOUR)

I. Identify and briefly discuss ten of the following:

1. Quinn Martin
2. Harry-O
3. Chapandoz
4. "aesthetic environment"
5. James Walton
6. James Whale
7. Chad Everett
8. Norman Lear
9. Fred and Ethel Mertz
10. The Name of the Game
11. Jack Webb
12. Ephraim MacKellar
13. Dick Foley
14. Prolepsis

II. Discuss the problem of evaluation, making reference to specific texts from at least two different mediums during the course of your answer. What are some of the attributes of a "good" or successful work? What principle or principles might help to distinguish between a "good" and a "great" work?

PART TWO
(TWO HOURS)

ANSWER FOUR OF THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS.

1. Describe and evaluate an episode of Medical Center. What are the principle themes of the episode? What are the chief formulas for plot and characterization? Can you identify themes, techniques and structural principles in the show that have been shaped by the tv medium? by the moral or artistic expectations of the mass audience?
2. Compare Poe's Dupin with either Sherlock Holmes or the Continental Op, making reference to particular scenes or passages wherever possible.
3. Compare the protagonists of either The Big Sleep or Vice Squad to a television detective of your choice; be sure to discuss particular scenes and visual techniques in your answer, as well as the text's attitudes toward crime, violence and the idea of heroism.
4. Describe and evaluate a television comedy series, focussing closely on a single episode of the series you choose.
5. Discuss the figure of the double in Stevenson or Conrad.
6. Respond to the following common complaints against popular art, citing particular passages, scenes, texts to support your remarks.
 - (1) Popular art is boring because it relies so heavily on familiar formulas.
 - (2) Popular art is trivial because it must supply stories that conform to the moral and ideological prejudices of its mass audience.
 - (3) Popular art is inferior because it must accept formal and thematic constraints that are commercial rather than aesthetic in origin.

147. JEWISH WRITERS IN AMERICA
Final Examination

Mr. Guttman
August 8, 1975

Here is a recent short story. Read the text carefully and then write on the following topics:

The relationship of the text to the general concerns of the course;

Thematic parallels and possible influences from the writers we have read and discussed;

Stylistic parallels and possible influences from the writers we have read and discussed.

Be as specific as you can be, especially in the parallels and possible influences, but do not overstate the degree of probability.

(1)

OSKAR GASSNER sits in his cotton-mesh undershirt and summer bathrobe at the window of his stuffy, hot, dark hotel room on West Tenth Street while I cautiously knock. Outside, across the sky, a late-June green twilight fades in darkness. The refugee fumbles for the light and stares at me, hiding despair but not pain.

I was in those days a poor student and would brashly attempt to teach anybody anything for a buck an hour, although I have since learned better. Mostly I gave English lessons to recently arrived refugees. The college sent me; I had acquired a little experience. Already a few of my students were trying their broken English, theirs and mine, in the American marketplace. I was then just twenty, on my way into my senior year in college, a skinny, life-hungry kid, eating himself waiting for the next world war to start. It was a goddamn cheat. Here I was palpitating to get going, and across the ocean Adolf Hitler, in black boots and a square mustache, was tearing up all the flowers. Will I ever forget what went on with Danzig that summer?

Times were still hard from the depression but anyway I made a little living from the poor refugees. They were all over uptown Broadway in 1939. I had four I tutored — Karl Otto Alp, the former film star; Wolfgang Novak, once a brilliant economist; Friedrich Wilhelm Wolff, who had taught medieval history at Heidelberg; and, after that night I met him in his disordered cheap hotel room, Oskar Gassner, the Berlin critic and journalist, at one time on the *Acht Uhr Abendblatt*. They were accomplished men.

...out that's what a world crisis
...they get educated.

Oskar was maybe fifty, his thick hair turning gray. He had a big face and heavy hands. His shoulders sagged. His eyes, too, were heavy, a clouded blue; and as he stared at me after I had identified myself, doubt spread in them like underwater currents. It was as if, on seeing me, he had again been defeated. I stayed at the door in silence. In such cases I would rather be elsewhere, but I had to make a living. Finally he opened the door and I entered. Rather he released it and I was in. "Bitte . . ." He offered me a seat and didn't know where to sit himself. He would attempt to say something and then stop, as though it could not possibly be said. The room was cluttered with clothing, boxes of books he had managed to get out of Germany and some paintings. Oskar sat on a box and attempted to fan himself with his meaty hand. "Zis heat," he muttered, forcing his mind to the deed. "Impozible. I do not know such heat." It was bad enough for me but terrible for him. He had difficulty breathing. He tried again to speak, lifted a hand and let it drop like a dead duck. He breathed as though he were fighting a battle; and maybe he won because after ten minutes we sat and slowly talked.

Like most educated Germans Oskar had at one time studied English. Although he was certain he couldn't say a word, he managed sometimes to put together a fairly decent, if rather comical, English sentence. He misplaced consonants, mixed up nouns and verbs and mangled idioms, yet we were able at once to communicate. We conversed mostly in English, with an occasional assist by me in pidgin-German or Yiddish, what he called "Jiddish." He had been to America before — last year for a short visit. He had come a month before *Kristallnacht*, when the Nazis shattered the Jewish store windows and burned all the synagogues, to see if he could find a job for himself; he had no relatives in America, and getting a job would permit him quickly to enter the country. He had been promised something, not in journalism but with the help of a foundation, as a lecturer. Then he had returned to Berlin, and after a frightening delay of six months was permitted to emigrate. He had sold whatever he could, managed to get some paintings, gifts of Bauhaus friends, and some boxes of books out by bribing two Nazi border guards; he had said goodbye to his wife and left the accursed

country. He gazed at me with cloudy eyes. "We parted amicably," he said in German. "My wife was gentle. Her mother was an appalling anti-Semite. They returned to live in Stettin." I asked no questions. Gentle is gentle, Germany is Germany.

His new job was in the Institute for Public Studies here in New York. He was to give a lecture a week in the fall term, and during next spring, a course, in English translation, on "The Literature of the Weimar Republic." He had never taught before and was afraid to. He was in that way to be introduced to the public; but the thought of giving the lecture in English just about paralyzed him. He didn't see how he could do it. "How is it possible? I cannot say two words. I cannot pronounce. I will make a fool of myself." His melancholy deepened. Already in the two months since his arrival, and after a round of diminishingly expensive hotel rooms, he had had two English tutors, and I was the third. The others had given him up, he said, because his progress was so poor, and he thought also that he depressed them. He asked me whether I felt I could do something for him, or should he go to a speech specialist — someone, say, who charged five dollars an hour — and beg his assistance? "You could try him," I said, "and then come back to me." In those days I figured what I knew, I knew. At that he managed a smile. Still I wanted him to make up his mind, or it would be no confidence down the line. He said, after a while, that he would stay with me. If he went to the five-dollar professor it might help his tongue but not his stomach. He would have no money left to eat with. The institute had paid him in advance for the summer, but it was only three hundred dollars and all he had.

He looked at me dully. "*Ich weiss nicht wie ich weiter machen soll.*"

I figured it was time to move past the first step. Either we did that quickly or it would be like drilling rock for a long time. "Let's stand at the mirror," I said.

He rose with a sigh and stood there beside me: I thin, elongated, redheaded, praying for success, his and mine; Oskar uneasy, fearful, finding it hard to face either of us in the faded round glass above his dresser.

"Please," I said to him, "could you say 'right'?"

"Ghight," he gargled.

"No. 'Right.' You put your tongue here." I showed him where.

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As he tensely watched the mirror, I tensely watched him. "The tip of it curls behind the ridge on top, like this."

He placed his tongue where I showed him.

"Please," I said, "now say 'right.'"

Oskar's tongue fluttered, "Rright."

"That's good. Now say 'treasure' — that's harder."

"Tgheasure."

"The tongue goes up in front, not in the back of the mouth. Look."

He tried, his brow wet, eyes straining. "Ttreasure."

"That's it."

"A miracle," Oskar murmured.

I said if he had done that he could do the rest.

We went for a bus ride up Fifth Avenue and then walked for a while around Central Park Lake. He had put on his German hat, with its hatband bow at the back, a broad-lapeled wool suit, a necktie twice as wide as the one I was wearing, and walked with a small-footed waddle. The night wasn't bad; it had got a bit cooler. There were a few large stars in the sky and they made me sad.

"Do you sink I will succezz?"

"Why not?" I asked.

Later he bought me a bottle of beer.

To many of these people, articulate as they were, the great loss was the loss of language — that they could no longer say what was in them to say. They could, of course, manage to communicate, but just to communicate was frustrating. As Karl Otto Alp, the ex-film star who became a buyer for Macy's, put it years later, "I felt like a child, or worse, often like a moron. I am left with myself unexpressed. What I knew, indeed, what I am, becomes to me a burden. My tongue hangs useless." The same with Oskar it figures. There was a terrible sense of useless tongue, and I think the reason for his trouble with his other tutors was that to keep from drowning in things unsaid he wanted to swallow the ocean in a gulp: Today he would learn English and tomorrow wow them with an impeccable Fourth of July speech, followed by a successful lecture at the Institute for Public Studies.

We performed our lessons slowly, step by step, everything in its place. After Oskar moved to a two-room apartment in a house on

West Eighty-fifth Street, near the Drive, we met three times a week at four-thirty, worked an hour and a half; then, since it was too hot to cook, had supper at the Seventy-second Street automat and conversed on my time. The lessons we divided into three parts: diction exercises and reading aloud, then grammar, because Oskar felt the necessity of it, and composition correction; with conversation, as I said, thrown in at supper. So far as I could see, he was coming along. None of these exercises was giving him as much trouble as they apparently had in the past. He seemed to be learning and his mood lightened. There were moments of elation as he heard his accent flying off. For instance, when "sink" became "think." He stopped calling himself "hopelezz."

Neither of us said much about the lecture he had to give early in October, and I kept my fingers crossed. It was somehow to come out of what we were doing daily, I think I felt, but exactly *how*, I had no idea; and to tell the truth, although I didn't say so to Oskar, the lecture frightened me. That and the ten more to follow during the fall term. Later when I learned that he had been attempting, with the help of the dictionary, to write in English, and had produced "a complete disahster," I suggested maybe he ought to stick to German and we could afterward both try to put it into passable English. I was cheating when I said that, because my German is meager. Anyway the idea was to get Oskar into production and worry about translating later. He sweated, from enervating morning to exhausted night, but no matter what language he tried, though he had been a professional writer for most of his life and knew his subject cold, the lecture refused to move past page one.

It was a sticky, hot July and the heat didn't help at all.

I had met Oskar at the end of June, and by the seventeenth of July we were no longer doing lessons. They had foundered on the "impozible" lecture. He had worked on it each day in frenzy and growing despair. After writing more than a hundred opening pages, he furiously flung his pen against the wall, shouting he could no longer write in that filthy tongue. He cursed the German language. He hated the damned country and the damned people. After that, what was bad became worse. When he gave up attempting to write the lecture, he stopped making progress in English. He seemed to forget what he already knew. His tongue thickened and the accent

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returned in all its fruitiness. The little he had to say was in hand-cuffed and tortured English. The only German I heard him speak was in a whisper to himself. I doubt he knew he was talking it. That ended our formal work together, though I did drop in every other day or so to sit with him. For hours he sat motionless in a large green velours armchair, hot enough to broil in, and through the tall windows stared at the colorless sky above Eighty-fifth Street, with a wet depressed eye.

Then once he said to me, "If I do not this lecture prepare, I will take my life."

"Let's begin again, Oskar," I said. "You dictate and I'll write. The ideas count, not the spelling."

He didn't answer so I stopped talking.

He had plunged into an involved melancholy. We sat for hours, often in profound silence. This was alarming to me, though I had already had some experience with such depression. Wolfgang Novak, the economist, though English came more easily to him, was another. His problems arose mainly, I think, from physical illness. And he felt a greater sense of the lost country than Oskar. Sometimes in the early evening I persuaded Oskar to come with me for a short walk on the Drive. The tail end of sunsets over the Palisades seemed to appeal to him. At least he looked. He would put on full regalia — hat, suit coat, tie, no matter how hot — and we went slowly down the stairs, I wondering whether he would ever make it to the bottom. He seemed to me always suspended between two floors.

We walked slowly uptown, stopping to sit on a bench and watch night rise above the Hudson. When we returned to his room, if I sensed he had loosened up a bit, we listened to music on the radio; but if I tried to sneak in a news broadcast, he said to me, "Please I can not more stand of world misery." I shut off the radio. He was right, it was a time of no good news. I squeezed my brain. What could I tell him? Was it good news to be alive? Who could argue the point? Sometimes I read aloud to him — I remember he liked the first part of *Life on the Mississippi*. We still went to the Automat once or twice a week; he perhaps out of habit, because he didn't feel like going anywhere, and I to get him out of his room. Oskar ate little, he toyed with a spoon. His dull eyes looked as though they had been squirted with a dark dye.

Once after a momentary cooling rainstorm we sat on newspapers on a wet bench overlooking the river, and Oskar at last began to talk. In tormented English he conveyed his intense and everlasting hatred of the Nazis for destroying his career, uprooting his life after half a century and flinging him like a piece of bleeding meat to hawks. He cursed them thickly, the German nation, as an inhuman, conscienceless, merciless people. "They are pigs masquerading as peacocks," he said. "I feel certain that my wife, in her heart, was a Jew hater." It was a terrible bitterness, an eloquence almost without vocabulary. He became silent again. I hoped to hear more about his wife but decided not to ask.

Afterwards, in the dark Oskar confessed that he had attempted suicide during his first week in America. He was living, at the end of May, in a small hotel, and had filled himself with barbiturates one night, but his phone had fallen off the table and the hotel operator had sent up the elevator boy, who found him unconscious and called the police. He was revived in the hospital.

"I did not mean to do it," he said. "It was a mistake."

"Don't ever think of it again," I said. "It's total defeat."

"I don't," he said wearily, "because it is so arduous to come back to life."

"Please, for any reason whatever."

Later, when we were walking, he surprised me by saying, "Maybe we ought to try now the lecture once more."

We trudged back to the house and he sat at his hot desk, I trying to read as he slowly began to reconstruct the first page of his lecture. He wrote, of course, in German.

He got nowhere. We were back to nothing, to sitting in silence in the heat. Sometimes after a few minutes I had to take off before his mood overcame mine. One afternoon I came unwillingly up the stairs — there were times I felt momentary surges of irritation with him — and was frightened to find Oskar's door ajar. When I knocked, no one answered. As I stood there, chilled down the spine, I realized I was thinking about the possibility of his attempting suicide again. "Oskar?" I went into the apartment, looked into both rooms and the bathroom, but he wasn't there. I thought he might have drifted out to get something from a store, and took the opportunity to look quickly around. There was nothing startling in the medicine chest, no pills but aspirin, no iodine. Thinking,

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for some reason, of a gun, I searched his desk drawer. In it I found a thin-paper airmail letter from Germany. Even if I had wanted to, I couldn't have read the handwriting, but as I held the thin paper in my hand I did make out one sentence: "*Ich bin dir siebenundzwanzig Jahre treu gewesen.*" Twenty-seven years is a long time, I thought. There was no gun in the drawer. I shut it and stopped looking. It had occurred to me that if you want to kill yourself, all you need is a straight pin. When Oskar returned he said he had been sitting in the public library, unable to read.

Now we are once more enacting the changeless scene, curtain rising on two speechless characters in a furnished apartment, I in a straight-back chair, Oskar in the velours armchair that smothered, rather than supported him, his flesh gray, the big gray face, unfocused, sagging. I reached over to switch on the radio, but he looked at me in a way that begged no. I then got up to leave, but Oskar, clearing his throat, thickly asked me to stay. I stayed, thinking, was there more to this than I could see into? His problems, God knows, were real enough, but could there be something more than a refugee's displacement, alienation, financial insecurity, being in a strange land without friends or a speakable tongue? My speculation was the old one: Not all drown in this ocean, why does he? After a while I shaped the thought and asked him was there something below the surface, invisible? I was full of this thing from college, and wondered if there mightn't be some unknown quantity in his depression that a psychiatrist maybe might help him with, enough to get him started on his lecture.

He meditated on this, and after a few minutes haltingly said he had been psychoanalyzed in Vienna as a young man. "Just the usual *drek*," he said, "fears and fantazies that afterwards no longer bothered me."

"They don't now?"

"Not."

"You've written many articles and lectures before," I said. "What I can't understand, though I know how hard the situation is, is why you can never get past page one."

He half lifted his hand. "It is a paralysis of my will. The whole lecture is clear in my mind, but the minute I write down a single word — or in English or in German — I have a terrible fear I will not be able to write the negst. As though someone has thrown a

stone at a window and the whole house—the whole idea—
zsmashes. This repeats until I am dezperate."

He said the fear grew as he worked that he would die before he completed the lecture, or if not that, that he would write it so disgracefully he would wish for death. The fear immobilized him.

"I have lozt faith. I do not — not longer possezz my former value of myself. In my life there has been too much illusion."

I tried to believe what I was saying: "Have confidence, the feeling will pass."

"Confidenze I have not. For this, and alzo whatever elze I have lozt, I thank the Nazis."

It was by then mid-August and things were growing steadily worse wherever one looked. The Poles were mobilizing for war. Oskar hardly moved. I was full of worries though I pretended calm weather.

He sat in his massive armchair with sick eyes, breathing like a wounded animal.

"Who can write about Walt Whitman in such terrible times?"

"Why don't you change the subject?"

"It mages no differenze what is the subject. It is all uzelezz."

I came every day to see him, neglecting my other students and therefore my livelihood. I had a panicky feeling that if things went on as they were going, they would end in Oskar's suicide; and I felt a frenzied desire to prevent that. What's more, I was sometimes afraid I was myself becoming melancholy; a new talent, call it, of taking less pleasure in my little pleasures. And the heat continued, oppressive, relentless. We thought of escape into the country, but neither of us had the money. One day I bought Oskar a secondhand fan — wondering why we hadn't thought of that before — and he sat in the breeze for hours each day until after a week, shortly after the Soviet-Nazi nonaggression pact was signed, the motor gave out. He could not sleep at night and sat at his desk with a wet towel on his head, still attempting to write his lecture. He wrote reams on a treadmill; it came out nothing. When he did sleep, out of exhaustion, he had fantastic frightening dreams of the Nazis inflicting tortures on him, sometimes forcing him to look upon the corpses of those they had slain. In one dream he told me about, he had gone back to Germany to visit his wife. She wasn't home and he had been directed to a cemetery. There, though the tombstone read an-

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other name, her blood seeped out of the earth above her shallow grave. He groaned at the memory of the dream.

Afterwards, he told me something about her. They had met as students, lived together, and were married at twenty-three. It wasn't a very happy marriage. She had turned into a sickly woman, physically unable to have children. "Something was wrong with her interior strugture."

Though I asked no questions, Oskar said, "I offered her to come with me here but she refused this."

"For what reason?"

"She did not think I wished her to come."

"Did you?" I asked.

"Not," he said.

He explained he had lived with her for almost twenty-seven years under difficult circumstances. She had been ambivalent about their Jewish friends and his relatives, though outwardly she seemed not a prejudiced person. But her mother was always a violent anti-Semite.

"I have nothing to blame myself," Oskar said.

He took to his bed. I took to the New York Public Library. I read some of the German poets he was trying to write about, in English translation. Then I read *Leaves of Grass* and wrote down what I thought one or two of them had got from Whitman. One day toward the end of August I brought Oskar what I had written. It was in good part guessing, but my idea wasn't to write the lecture for him. He lay on his back, motionless, and listened utterly sadly to what I had written. Then he said, no, it wasn't the love of death they had got from Whitman — that ran through German poetry — but it was most of all his feeling for *Brudermensch*, his humanity.

"But this does not grow long on German earth," he said, "and is soon destroyed."

I said I was sorry I had got it wrong, but he thanked me anyway.

I left defeated, and as I was going down the stairs, heard someone sobbing. I will quit this, I thought. It has gotten to be too much for me. I can't drown with him.

I stayed home the next day, tasting a new kind of private misery too old for somebody my age, but that same night Oskar called me on the phone, blessing me wildly for having read those notes to him. He had got up to write me a letter to say what I had missed,

and it ended by his having written half the lecture. He had slept all day and tonight intended to finish it up.

"I thank you," he said, "for much, also including your faith in me."

"Thank God," I said, not telling him I had just about lost it.

Oskar completed his lecture — wrote and rewrote it — during the first week in September. The Nazis had invaded Poland, and though we were greatly troubled, there was some sense of release; maybe the brave Poles would beat them. It took another week to translate the lecture, but here we had the assistance of Friedrich Wilhelm Wolff, the historian, a gentle, erudite man, who liked translating and promised his help with future lectures. We then had about two weeks to work on Oskar's delivery. The weather had changed, and so, slowly, had he. He had awakened from defeat, battered, after a wearying battle. He had lost close to twenty pounds. His complexion was still gray; when I looked at his face I expected to see scars, but it had lost its flabby unfocused quality. His blue eyes had returned to life and he walked with quick steps, as though to pick up a few for all the steps he hadn't taken during those long, hot days he had lain torpid in his room.

We went back to our former routine, meeting three late afternoons a week for diction, grammar and the other exercises. I taught him the phonetic alphabet and transcribed long lists of words he was mispronouncing. He worked many hours trying to fit each sound into place, holding half a matchstick between his teeth to keep his jaws apart as he exercised his tongue. All this can be a dreadfully boring business unless you think you have a future. Looking at him I realized what's meant when somebody is called "another man."

The lecture, which I now knew by heart, went off well. The director of the institute had invited a number of prominent people. Oskar was the first refugee they had employed, and there was a move to make the public cognizant of what was then a new ingredient in American life. Two reporters had come with a lady photographer. The auditorium was crowded. I sat in the last row, promising to put up my hand if he couldn't be heard, but it wasn't necessary. Oskar, in a blue suit, his hair cut, was of course nervous, but you couldn't see it unless you studied him. When he stepped up to the

lectern, spread out his manuscript and spoke his first English sentence in public, my heart hesitated; only he and I, of all the people there, had any idea of the anguish he had been through. His enunciation wasn't at all bad — a few *s*'s for *th*'s, and he once said "bag" for "back," but otherwise he did all right. He read poetry well — in both languages — and though Walt Whitman, in his mouth, sounded a little as though he had come to the shores of Long Island as a German immigrant, still the poetry read as poetry:

*And I know that the spirit of God is the brother of my own,
And that all the men ever born are also my brothers, and the women
my sisters and lovers,
And that a kelson of creation is love . . .*

Oskar read it as though he believed it. Warsaw had fallen but the verses were somehow protective. I sat back, conscious of two things: how easy it is to hide the deepest wounds; and the pride I felt in the job I had done.

Two days later I came up the stairs into Oskar's apartment to find a crowd there. The refugee, his face beet red, lips bluish, a trace of froth in the corners of his mouth, lay on the floor in his limp pajamas, two firemen on their knees, working over him with an inhalator. The windows were open and the air stank of gas.

A policeman asked me who I was and I could only answer, "No, oh no."

I said no, but it was unchangeably yes. He had taken his life — gas — I hadn't even thought of the stove in the kitchen.

"Why?" I asked myself. "Why did he do it?" Maybe it was the fate of Poland on top of everything else, but the only answer anyone could come up with was Oskar's scribbled note that he was not well, and that he left Martin Goldberg all his possessions. I am Martin Goldberg.

I was sick for a week, had no desire either to inherit or investigate, but I thought I ought to look through his things before the court impounded them, so I spent a morning sitting in the depths of Oskar's velours armchair, trying to read his correspondence. I had found in the top drawer of his desk a thin packet of letters from his wife and an airmail letter of recent date from his anti-Semitic mother-in-law.

She writes, in a tight script it takes me hours to decipher, that her

daughter, after Oskar abandons her, against her own mother's fervent pleas and anguish, is converted to Judaism by a vengeful rabbi. One night the Brown Shirts appear, and though the mother wildly waves her bronze crucifix in their faces, they drag Frau Gassner, together with the other Jews, out of the apartment house, and transport them in lorries to a small border town in conquered Poland. There, it is rumored, she is shot in the head and topples into an open tank ditch, with the naked Jewish men, their wives and children, some Polish soldiers and a handful of gypsies.

Three Hours

ANSWER ONE QUESTION.

1. Discuss the relative importance of Jupiter and Apollo as structural devices and as vehicles for themes and images in Georgics and Aeneid.
2. Compare the function and significance of one or more of the following in Georgics and Aeneid. If you write on more than one topic you may write two or more short essays or combine the topics which you choose in a single long essay.

initiation

journeys

Labor

Italian land

blindness and ignorance

stars

works of art

cities

sex and love

poets

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

The Bread Loaf School of English

FIFTY-SIXTH SESSION

Commencement Ceremony



THE LITTLE THEATRE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1975

8:45 P.M.

P R O G R A M

Processional

Introduction of the Commencement Speaker

PAUL M. CUBETA

Director, Bread Loaf School of English

Commencement Address

WILLIAM L. SHARP

Professor of Drama

Emerson College

Conferring of the Degrees of
Master of Arts and Master of Letters

JAMES I. ARMSTRONG

President, Middlebury College

THE BREAD LOAF MADRIGALISTS

Recessional

1975

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts

BARBARA JOAN BATTLES
CHARLES HENRY BUTTERFIELD
DAVID OWEN COBB
RHETTA LEE COLON
SANDRA SUE CRUM
MARTHA ELDREDGE-MARTIN
WILLIAM BREWSTER ELY IV
PHILIP EASTMAN FITZPATRICK
MAUREEN TERESA GANNON
BONNIE ANNETTE HELMS
LUCINDA MARIE HILBRINK
JOANN HINZ
MARSHA GEAN KNAPP
SISTER MARY ANNE KOVACS, H.M.
MARIE PATRICIA MALVASO
KATHERINE RUTH MILLER
PATRICK GARFIELD MULLINS
EVELYN LEWIS PERERA
SHEILA CLARKE PETRY
SUSAN CURTISS REID
PETER LOCKWOOD RUMSEY
ZOILA ANN SAVALE
ELISABETH SEARS
STEPHEN KENT SHEEHAN
PRISCILLA STONE
RICHARD FORD WECHSLER
EVELYN MAE WIEGEL
DAVID CAMERON WILSON

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Letters

WESLEY COOK MCNAIR
MARGERY ARZONICO SCHNEIDER
JOSEPH DAVID TRAVALINI

The Bread Loaf School of English

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

William L. Sharp

August 9, 1975

President Armstrong, Mr. Cubeta, members of the Class of 1975, faculty and honored guests: My first reaction to this invitation to be the commencement speaker was fear I am sure; my second was "the fools, they don't know what they've done" - to give an actor, even a bad actor, a podium and a captive audience is dangerous, perhaps disastrous. This is especially true when one is given such leeway--no set subject, no time limitation. Why there's the whole of Iago, a part made for me, though the number of directors who disagree would amaze you, including on this very platform, Robert Loper. Well, now you would be sorry all.

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe
But for my sport and profit.

Purse isn't quite right, but fool is. And so, said I, is sport. You are all snipes, no I'll stick with Shakespeare the plural doesn't quite work. You are all "snipe", here but for my sport and profit, if not monetarily then psychically. And if you think to stop me now:

Forbear foul ravsher, libidinous swine.

Yes, Bottom had nothing on me. I would play them all, from Ercles vein to Lion's roar.

Of course while thinking this, much more now, while doing it, there is the little niggling reminder in the head that Bottom was an ass, and perhaps like Bottom 'tis best to leave such yearnings as Bottom did to Bottom's dream and sing it at the latter end of the play.

But I was also aware that all of you, like me, are at least somewhat performer or you wouldn't be teacher. You're either part ham or all baloney. You all have a captive audience in your class room--they don't even have to buy tickets--and your problem, like any actor's is to persuade them. I think normally your script is a little more improvised than Othello or Volpone, but you've got the same problem with your text. You somehow have to sell it. Our functions as teachers, and despite the fact that I claim actor as identity, I still find my livelihood, indeed my love, is teaching. I'm just stuck with being an actor, teaching was a choice. And our function as teachers of literature or drama is to persuade our students that our interests should be theirs.

Teachers are strange animals. They're not, I don't think, writers or actors who couldn't make it professionally. I'd go crazy in professional theatre even if I could get a job. Nor are they scholars whose teaching is an off-shoot of their research. Oh I grant there are in the profession some of both, but the real teacher is someone who feels the need, not unlike the actor, to persuade by his example or conviction that what he says and does in reaction to a situation called a novel or a poem, is a crucial part of life and worth everyone's attention--not because he is interested in it, but because the stuff he reacts to is so exciting.

Teachers and actors have a lot in common. Granted their scripts are different. Sharp playing Hamlet and Sharp playing lover of the play Hamlet are two different roles. But if Sharp is going to persuade anyone of either conviction he had better believe it, and know why he believes it. I don't think students have any more interest in the teacher who mouths his interest than audiences do in the Hamlet who mouths his. Both performers "saw the air too much" and students, like a theatre audience either watch the air or

drift off to do some sawing of their own.

They both (teacher and actor) have the same problem of moving through their material in time, in presenting somehow the process of either a play or a poem. Teaching literature, regardless of the particular aspect of it that one teaches, is to teach a process. One moves from moment of poem to moment of poem, or moment of novel to moment of novel much like one moves from speech to speech in a play. Always the problem is finding transitions, and it is not always easy. Listen to Ophelia and Gertrude.

Ophelia: Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Gertrude: How now Ophelia!

Ophelia: How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
and His sandal shoon.

Gertrude: Alas! Sweet lady, what imports this song?

Ophelia: Say you? Nay, pray you, mark.
He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone:
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heel a stone.

Gertrude: Nay, but Ophelia,

Ophelia: Pray you mark.

It is clear that the song means something here, at least to Ophelia, but it is not so clear what. If, however, the actress playing the part is going to be persuasive she better have some idea of what it means so that she can communicate it to the queen. Otherwise, she will look like that silly, bedlam idiot so popular in the nineteenth century, but only funny today.

We can help ourselves a little by simple paraphrase.

Ophelia: Where's the queen?

Gertrude: What do you want, Ophelia?

Ophelia: This is what I want. I want to know how I
tell your true love from any other love.
Is it by his cockle hat and staff? And
his sandals?

Gertrude: Alas Ophelia, what does that mean?

Ophelia: Don't you know. Then listen. He is dead and
gone, lady. He is dead and gone. At his head
a grass-green turf, at his heels a stone.

Gertrude: But Ophelia what does that mean?

Ophelia: Listen.

The mere fact of not singing Ophelia's lines gives her a little more point, and one can guess that the singing might be ironic rather than silly-sweet. Apparently, if we take her seriously, Ophelia is talking about Gertrude's true love. If the queen hears the attack rather than the song she might well remember Hamlet Sr. and Claudius, and it only takes a little knowledge of the middle ages to remember that the most common disguise for male adulterers was the wandering priest in his pilgrim's hat, staff, and sandals. I think there might well be some fear in her voice when the queen asks the meaning of the song. What indeed does Ophelia know? And when, with I assume a rather fierce and direct irony Ophelia says "say you, then pray you mark" and then describes a dead man, one can imagine the queen's guilt as she thinks of her dead husband. I can't insist that this is what Ophelia means or that this is the queen's reaction, but when one remembers Horatio's description of Ophelia before she entered as one who:

Speaks things in doubt
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up to fit their own thoughts;

the scene suddenly has point, not sentimental drift.

The struggle to make every moment part of an action, part of the process of the play is the actor's job. So too, I take it, it is the teacher's. When one comes to a tough line in a poem one can hardly throw it away or take any meaning one wishes. At least if one does one takes the chance of being that silly Ophelia, with flowers in her hair, distraction in her aspect, and absolutely no meaning in her speeches, rather than a teacher/actor in control of his material. A poem like Roethke's The Waking, for example, is not, on the whole a difficult poem to make sense of. I think it is short enough to quote in its entirety. Anyhow I love the poem.

I wake to sleep and take my waking slow.
I feel my fate in what I cannot fear.
I learn by going where I have to go.

We think by feeling. What is there to know?
I hear my being dance from ear to ear.
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.

Of those so close beside me which are you?
God bless the Ground. I shall walk softly there,
And learn by going where I have to go.

Light takes the tree; but who can tell us how?
The lowly worm climbs up a winding stair;
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.

Great Nature has another thing to do
To you and me; so take the lively air,
And lovely, learn by going where to go.

This shaking keeps me steady. I should know.
What falls away is always. And is near.
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.
I learn by going where I have to go.

The sense through the poem of living but to die and of discovering life through this living, this waking, only by feeling, not thinking, but "feeling fate in what one cannot fear," is clear, tentative, and careful. The voice doesn't rush, it is not proud or assertive, it is only as sure, as limited human animals can be sure. Being human it is also aware that nature not only makes man grow to death, but also grow to love. I take it that is the other

thing great nature does to you and me, in the last two stanzas. And that injunction of the poet to his beloved "so take the lively air, / And, lovely, learn by going where to go", is a plea to trust their connection. But let me quote those last two stanzas again since my problem line starts the last stanza.

Great Nature has another thing to do
To you and me; so take the lively air,
And, lovely, learn by going where to go.

And then the last stanza:

This shaking keeps me steady. I should know.
What falls away is always. And is near.
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.
I learn by going where I have to go.

The abruptness of "This shaking keeps me steady" confuses me. What shaking? Is it simply the general terror of living that shakes one. Certainly that's possible. It does, however, seem arbitrary. How does the context define it more precisely? Well I am caught by that address to "lovely" whoever he or she may be and the consequent sexual connotation of the word. If that reading is right then the shaking that keeps the poet steady must be sexual ecstasy. It must be this that lets him know that feelings count, even though they are momentary. In this reading "what falls away is always and is near" defines sexual excitement which after all does always pass away, but still is what most closely connects us.

I have the advantage of you, like any teacher/actor since I have the poem and the platform, but even if you disagree with my reading I hope you will agree with the need in teaching the poem to be precise in such a reference in order to make the process of the poem work. I am sure you fake occasionally, as actors do, as indeed we all do. The strut takes over, and hopefully the performer covers our ignorance, but when it happens we are also aware of the weak link in the process of the poem if we are a teacher, or the weakness in our performance if we are an actor. And what a Joy it is when one can feel

sure the links are solid, when something suddenly makes sense. Like those two damn twin compasses in Donne's Valediction Forbidding Mourning. You remember he is talking about the souls of two separated lovers and says:

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but doth if th'other do.

And though it in the center sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me who must,
Like th'other foot, obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

What a confused long time I went around with magnetic compasses in my mind's eye, pointing to north and south, and probably east and west, sagely, but in utter confusion. And how simple minded it all seemed once I got the geometrical compass to make its circles. A similar link was made when I discovered as a director of Chekov's Seagull the meaning of a line of Masha's in the second act. She gets up to leave and trips and then explains the trip in the line "Oh my foot's a sleep." After she leaves the conversation continues in Chekovian pointlessness until Dr. Dorn comments on Masha's hopeless love for Trepleff and says: "Well she'll down a couple before lunch." It was three weeks into rehearsal before Masha and I discovered that her sleeping foot was really a little too much alcohol. I don't know what difference it might have made to the audience--we might have covered our tracks--but lord it made a difference to us. Another link in the process of the play and Chekhov's pointlessness seemed less accidental.

Not that I want to damn accident. Solutions, meanings, links in that process are made in many and mysterious ways. I remember once playing a General in a play of Anouilh's called Ardele, and the opening scene between

a rakish general and his innocent young niece was going nowhere. Whatever the transitions were that were to get us through the scene they sat in heaven still unseen by mortal eye. I paced back stage in one rehearsal trying to figure what was wrong, when a fellow actor said "you know you are really washing your dirty linen in public in that scene, it's like your pants fell down." I couldn't quite understand that but I was desperate so the next time we rehearsed the scene I dropped my pants. I don't think the action really solved much, but it did so infuriate my fellow actress, who thought I was upstaging her a bit, that she dug into me with a fury never seen before. I didn't drop my pants again, her fury suggested it would be unsafe, but it sure made the scene work. I don't guarantee similar solutions or results in time of stress, but----

Perhaps all I am trying to say is that performing, with care and honesty, exploring the process of the poem or part in play, is what both actor and teacher do. After all Macbeth thought everyone was an actor, that indeed "Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player/ That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,/ And then is heard no more." I tend not quite to accept his despair, but I wouldn't fight his premise. We may indeed all be poor players, but if in the course of our hour upon the stage we try honestly to share with students, with someone, those insights into how we live, if we try and persuade them to our convictions, who really cares if we are heard no more. I suppose my hope is that we can do more than "strut and fret." The fret's a waste of time. So students are stupid and administrations blind and the pay unworthy of our talents. If that is what most occupies us we know we lose, so why begin. Obviously we strut a little, perhaps a lot, that's part of our job, part of the way we catch our audience, but hopefully our strut, our schtick, is only our beginning. The hour is ours, actor or teacher, and we

might as well play it for all it is worth if for no other reason than to convince ourselves that that brief candle is worth its light. For some reason, after all, most of us don't kill ourselves.

I think both acting and teaching are a little silly, and the impulse to either should be resisted if at all possible. Only people who never quite grow up admit to living someone else's life or think they know enough to tell someone else how to live theirs. You seldom get paid well enough in either profession, and even when you are going well, the number of people, whether in classroom or in theatre who understand what you are doing is unbelievably small. Indeed many of the few who think they understand you, praise you for what you never had in mind, or had somehow hoped was too obvious to be commented on. That enthusiast who comes back stage to ask with awe, with wonder in his voice, "How could you learn all those lines" sounds suspiciously like Jim Mirollo's student of last year's address who was surprised to find that Jim "really liked that crap," the crap being literature.

I think most of us like it. And because we do, our insights, unlike Prospero's (another teacher and actor) need not "chase the ebbing Neptune on the sands with printless foot and fly him when he comes back." I am only too ready to admit my perceptions are never "Demi-puppets, that/ By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,/ whereof the ewe not bites." Not even in fun can my imagination "make midnight mushrooms," so certainly I have no power to reshape the world to "bedim/ The noontide sun, call forth the mutinous winds/ or twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault/ Set roaring war;" no "graves at my command/ Have waked their sleepers, op'd, and let them forth." My rough magic, as teacher or actor, is little more than the hope of sharing, with those who will listen, for my own comfort as much as theirs, those convictions, loves and even confusions that seem to me to give my life some shape. My staff and

book are my life, and therefore I don't need the grace, humility nor pride with which Prospero breaks and drowns them.

I will be perfectly content if like that inarticulate sergeant/teacher in Henry Reed's Unarmed Combat I can persuade someone, even by accident that the readiness is all. In case you don't know it, the first half of the poem seems to be the sergeant-teacher--the last half the recruit-student. I suspect I am both. Let me read it.

Unarmed Combat

In due course of course you will be issued with
Your proper issue; but until tomorrow
You can hardly be said to need it; and until that time,
We shall have unarmed combat. I shall teach you
The various holds and rolls and throws and breakfalls
Which you may sometimes meet.

And the various holds and rolls and throws and breakfalls
Do not depend on any sort of weapon,
But only on what I might coin a phrase and call
The ever-important question of human balance,
And the ever-important need to be in a strong
Position at the start.

There are many kinds of weakness about the body,
Where you would least expect, like the ball of the foot.
But the various holds and rolls and throws and breakfalls
Will always come in useful. And never be frightened
To tackle from behind: it may not be clean to do so,
But this is global war.

So give them all you have, and always give them
As good as you get; it will always get you somewhere.
(You may not know it, but you can tie a Jerry
Up without a rope; it is one of the things I shall teach you.)
Nothing will matter if only you are ready for him.
The readiness is all.

The readiness is all. How can I help but feel
I have been here before? But somehow then,
I was the tied-up one. How to get out
Was always then my problem. And even if I had
A piece of rope I was always the sort of person
Who threw the rope aside.

And in my time I have given them all I had,
Which was never as good as I got, and it got me nowhere.
And the various holds and rolls and throws and breakfalls
Somehow or other I always seemed to put
In the wrong place. And as for war, my wars
Were global from the start.

Perhaps I was never in a strong position,
Or the ball of my foot got hurt, or I had some weakness
Where I had least expected. But I think I see your point.
While awaiting a proper issue, we must learn the lesson
Of the ever-important question of human balance.
It is courage that counts.

Things may be the same again; and we must fight
Not in the hope of winning but rather of keeping
Something alive: so that when we meet our end,
It may be said that we tackled wherever we could,
That battle-fit we lived, and though defeated,
Not without glory fought.

Thank you.